

Like A Dark Lord Only Crunchy

Harry is killed and soul fuses to and takes over Au Harry Not A Children Story Dark, Sexual References, Character Abuse.

Disclaimer: I am only having fun with characters and a world created by JK Rowling

no money is being made here.

My first story so VERY SORRY for all errors and mistakes made before, during and after this sentence.

Summary: Making the story up as I go so the only thing I can say is it will be a harry soul goes to AU fic.

Not sure about any relationship but there won't be any fluff

And I'll add a warning for adult themes and all the other nasty's 18+ only please.

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Goodbye cruel world ... sigh?

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## ORIGINAL UNIVERSE

A lone street light stood like a beacon on a deserted street, if you could call it a street. With huge craters and masses of rubble where houses had once stood, it was not what one would normally call a this twilight hour nothing stirred, where people once would have been running from shop to shop Picking up last minute purchases before retiring home for the night, there was silence.

The eerie quiet was interrupted by a loud pop. A man in a tattered black full length coat, appeared out of thin air. He quickly glanced around the street looking for something. When he was satisfied he was alone he quickly drew what appeared to be a short stick. This

was no ordinary stick but a wand and indeed this was no ordinary man, for this was Harry Potter.

A name only whispered, sometimes out of reverence and sometimes out of fear. This was a man who had accomplished much in his short nineteen years. But to him and the rest of the resistance it was nowhere near enough. They still felt like kids playing a very adult game, and in truth most of them still were. It was a game in which only one small mistake was a death sentence.

Harry bent to sit on his hunches and let out a ragged breath. Just moments ago he had witnessed the execution of the last remaining member of the Resistance. He had been disguised and forced himself to watch from the back of a mob of angry wizards. It was his fault once again that another member was caught. And for that he had made sure he was there if only to pay his respects.

If any of the crowd had even suspected he was there he too would have died. The Resistance was not seen in a very favourable light these days. They were seen as criminals at best trying to upset the new found freedom the Wizarding world had over the Muggle one.

These days if a wizard or witch wanted something they could just reach out and take it. They lived as kings among men, with Voldemort as their god. Many wizards and more than a few witches had pretty Muggle slaves for their every whim and these 'domesticated Muggles' were the lucky ones since they had survived the holocaust.

It had all started at the end of Harry's sixth year. It was during which Voldemort turned his terror campaign into a fully fledged war. Against both the magical and Muggle worlds his victory was swift. In a little over a month the United Kingdom and half of Europe were under Voldemort's control. By that time the fact that magic existed had been made painfully obvious to the Muggles.

When it had become apparent that there was a worldwide crisis the Muggles in America tried to intervene. But they completely botched it. The resulting nuclear war completely vulcanised the earth's surface. If it was not for the huge protective shield put over the British Isles then mankind would have been totally wiped out.

One thing that had been made painfully obvious to him after today's events was that Harry was all alone now. Grief swelled up inside him and a single tear fell down to hit the dusty footpath. He had not felt like this since 'the Ministry incident' so many years ago. Where his godfather had fallen through a veil to his death.

That first incident which sparked seven days of carnage and had left him numb. It was the week which changed the course of the war, and brought it out into the open. But it was too little too late. The world was well and truly on its head now with Voldemort as the overall ruler. The first man to rule over a whole planet. Alto there was not much of a world left.

What could he do he was hunted by the Death eaters. He could no longer hide amongst the Muggle or wizard population as there was none. And the only habitual place on earth was this island he was on.

The world truly was getting smaller it was like a choking feeling. Rage began to fill him with a red hot fire. One that had been burning for the last few years. His anger gave him power it gave him purpose and he knew what he needed to do.

He need to end this war. He the mighty chosen one needed to do what he was prophesied to do. And that was to kill Voldemort. What's the worst that could happen he thought. "I die" Harry said aloud and for the first time in years he felt what may have been joy. For Harry either outcome promised an end to this horrid life. A way out "Wont mum be proud" he laughed. And with a slight pop he was gone.

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Harry popped into the central keep area of the monstrosity that Voldemort had built and immediately looked for threats. Seeing one Harry let loose a modified cutting curse which decapitated the death eater. Who he supposed was meant to be a guard.

Before the head of the guard even touched the ground Harry was off. If he was to even make it to Voldemort before being killed he had to hurry. Running up a grand staircase he ran into what would be his

second kill of the night. A Muggle slave by the look of her stood at the top of a grand central staircase with her mouth open in surprise. The look lasted but a moment before her eyes rolled back into her head. she had been hit with the green light of the killing curse.

“Sorry” Harry muttered. He hated having to kill innocents but he could not afford to be discovered just yet. It was not the first Muggle he had killed either. And if he thought about it he would have said that it was getting easier.

After climbing the stairs he headed forward through a grand hall furnished with all manner of high class items. It looked to Harry as if the entire imperial museum was stashed around the room. Checking both side doors which lead to dead ends he again continued forward as only a Gryffindor could. His bravery or as even he would admit stupidity had led him to lose so much. But for right now it was the only thing keeping him going. He crept up to the next door seeing it ajar and peeked inside.

Voldemort sat on a central dais looking very bored. Lord Malfoy was finishing a speech about something the vain man thought demanded the dark lords immediate attention. “Enough Lucius I don't want to know where you think Potter is, I want him here” Voldemort cut him off losing patience with the man.

Not for the first time had the dark lord thought about killing the pompous idiot. Suddenly the main door to the chamber exploded inward scattering debris Around the room.

“Well, look who graces our presence Lucius” Voldemort said as Harry walked Determinately into the room. “You weren't looking for me were you” Harry asked innocently. “I mean you could have sent an owl or something”.

Harry saw Malfoy stand and make his way to the dark lords side. A plan started to formulate in his mind. This was one thing he was good at, just making things up as he went. He knew his best chance of winning this fight was to even the odds. He also knew he would never be able to catch Voldemort off guard.

"How dare you talk to the dark lord like ..." Lucius started to say when the same spell that decapitated the death eater guard outside ripped through his stomach. The proud mans entrails splated all over to the marble floor. Voldemort instantly brought up his wand.

"Well well how very Slytherin of you Potter" He remarked while Malfoy on the floor was attempting to put his intestines back in his mutilated abdomen. "Mm-My I-lord ... P-please ...." Lucius tried to whimper for help but could not talk around the pain. "It's you own fault for being useless Malfoy .. Why should I help you" Voldemort spat.

Harry took this opportunity to throw a killing curse at Voldemort. But the dark lord just stepped out of the way casually. "You'll Have to do better than that Potter".

"Watch here's how it's done" And with that remark he hit Malfoy with a sickly green light ending the high pitch wailing that had started when he had refused to help the blonde.

"So Potter come to arrange a meeting with your Muggle mother and your pathetic excuse for a wizard father". "No I just came to inform you that I've arranged for the plot next to your father's grave for you Tom" Harry spat back. "Like Muggle like son" he added as he shot a killing curse and a bone crushing curse in quick succession.

Again Voldemort stepped away from both spells. "Pitiful Potter" Voldemort said angrily. "If you're so willing to die who am I to stand in your way".

And with that the dark lord proved once and for all, even the great harry potter was no match for him. He was almost sad that the duel had been won so easily. Well not sad obviously he was a dark lord.

It was a feeling of slight disappointment that the last real challenge in the world was nonexistent. He had hoped that the duel with Potter 'The chosen one' would have been just a bit more exciting. But one curse later and Harry Potter was dead. His spirit passed on to the next great adventure.

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## ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSE

Harry Potter son of Lily and James Potter, brother of Kaitlyn Potter lay trashing in his four poster bed at Hogwarts. His forehead dripping with perspiration. A dream or a nightmare rather was plaguing his mind. He saw faces some familiar some unknown. Many he saw dead or dying.

He had been having these dreams for as long as he could remember. They had started off with harmless things like him looking after bacon in a strange kitchen for two very large humans. To flying motobike's and Giants. Then when he had started school at Hogwarts he dreamt of spells and potions. He had found them very useful when they came up in class. It was because of this fact that he was top of his year in all of his subjects.

But recently they had been getting darker. He saw killing curses and death eaters. Muggle men torn apart and women raped. He sprang up panting quickly awaking for the worst nightmare he could ever remember having.

He had just witnessed a Muggle family being tortured. The father was forced to rape and mutilate his wife first and then his two daughters. The death eaters left him alive but by the time the Aurors had arrived he had hung himself with his belt. He had done it to end the torment he was feeling at what he had been forced to do.

Harry sat in his bed fighting for control of his emotions. Before failing and running to the bathroom and emptying the contents of his stomach down the toilet. He squatted there head in the bowl thinking it was times like this he wished he had told someone about the dreams. They had been useful yes but lately he had been afraid to sleep. And it was starting to show in his classes.

But he also knew that even in a world where flying brooms and goblins were normal. Dreams of people being tortured were not. If the contents of these dreams ever got out he would be carted off to St Mungos.

No he sealed himself no one can find out. Besides he thought today was the day that his sixth year ended and in a few short hours he would be home. And he knew he very rarely had dreams at home. With that in mind he busied himself with packing and getting ready to leave a place that he had come to both love and hate.

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Hours later found Harry sitting by himself on the Hogwarts express his usual friends had not really been hanging around him lately. Which was just another effect of his increasingly bad dreams. He was startled out of his thoughts when the door to his compartment was loudly thrown open.

“Well well if it isn't the golden boy of Gryffinwhore” Harry herd Draco Malfoy sneer. “What do you want Malfoy another duel” Harry retorted Bringing up an incident just a week before when Moody their Defence against the dark arts teacher had finished the year off with a duelling competition.

The final duel was fought between the two and harry had made a complete fool out of the other boy. When it came to duelling even the seventh years could only test harry. But as he was alone at the moment he had real doubts if he could take on the two or three Slytherins that Malfoy had with him.

This advantage must have been apparent to Malfoy too because he started to reach for his wand when a soft voice interrupted him from behind. “Have you found us a carriage Draco”. Seconds later an attractive Slytherin girl stepped into the compartment. When she saw what was happening a strange sad look crossed her face, before it was quickly replaced with a sneer.

“I wondered what that stench was”. She started to walk back out of the compartment but stopped when she noticed that Draco was not moving to follow her. “Come on Draco let's find some place private” she said seductively to the Slytherin. Draco glanced back at her “Of course my lovely Kaitlyn” he said and turned back to face Harry.

"You've been lucky this time Potter, but it won't matter you'll get yours and I'm betting it's sooner rather than latter" he said taking an exaggerated look at his watch. The other boys around him started laughing as if they knew something he didn't. As the Slytherins exited the compartment Harry gave the girl a small smile of thanks, but only got strange look in return before she too turned on her heel and left.

Harry sat back down after the strange confrontation and wondered not for the first time that year why the girl, his sister, had defused another fight between him and Draco. They were practically strangers at school having not spoken since Christmas. Did she do it because she felt she had to protect him or was she just trying to protect her boyfriend Malfoy.

It sickened him how much she had changed after finally caving to the blonde boy's advances and agreeing to going out with him. For years she had been friends with the Slytherin prince and for years she had reject going to the next level. Only weeks after the start of their relationship and she had cut all ties with Harry or so it had seemed. Did she really hate him like she did the rest of the family.

When she was sorted into Slytherin it had put a big strain on her relationship with her father James. And while her mother Lily pretended not to care where her daughter was sorted. Deep down even Harry knew she did.

It only got worse when she had started going out with Draco. It had gotten to the stage where Harry was unsure if she was even coming home to Godric's hollow. It was a shame because he had always gotten on with his sister.

Harry went back to reading a Muggle novel that his Mum had given him for Christmas. When the train suddenly jerked forward and he smashed his face on the seat in front of him. Dazed he got up while rubbing his now stinging nose and swearing at the unforgiving chair. What the hell was that he wondered, did we hit a bloody house or something.

Then his thinking was cut off by a high pinched scream. Harry looked out the window and saw a cloaked figure running towards the train.



Having seen a scene like this in his dreams he quickly pulled out his wand, ready to defend himself. He could hear spells being cast towards the front carriages and screams becoming more frequent.

He wondered if he should make his way forward through the train or just stay where he was. A second later and his choice was taken from him when, the carriage he was in was turned on its side. Harry having hit his head for a second time that day was swiftly overtaken by unconsciousness.

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Groaning he lifted his head up and opened his eyes. Instantly wishing he hadn't because of his splitting headache. "Did anyone get the name of that Hippogriff" he mumbled.

He opened his eyes again this time slowly and he found himself tied to a chair. Huge chains attached him to the strange mechanical chair. He found himself in what could have been a dungeon at Hogwarts if not for the bars around him. He was in a dank slime covered basement with all sorts of strange instruments along the walls. And then it hit him he had been here before.

Well not physically but in his dreams he had seen this place, he knew it too well. He stopped dead and dread started to fill him. He had seen a young woman tortured here. Even now he could start to smell that metallic smell that indicated that blood had been spilled near.

Why was he here. Were his dreams a warning about what fate had in store for him. And then something he had heard earlier that day repeated itself in his head "You've been lucky this time Potter, but it won't matter you'll get yours and I'm betting its sooner rather than latter".

He started to panic Malfoy had known that this would happen. But what was happening he asked himself and how did he get out. He went to test the chains strength when the door to the room suddenly sprang open.

In walked the conformation to just how bad his plight was. He would know that face anywhere. Even if it was not as aged as in his visions and still contained the gorgeous looks that had gotten her front cover of witch weekly during school.

It was none other than Bellatrix Lestrange.

Stay or could i go?

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It was none other than Bellatrix Lestrange.

When Bellatrix saw that harry was awake she let out an excited laugh. "So you've decided to wakeup then" she cooed "finally our fun can start". As she crossed the room to where he was tied up she jabbed her wand at him. He was abruptly hit with a jet of ice cold water. If he was not completely awake before he truly was now.

"Feel better" she asked as if commenting on the weather as she dried him. "What do you want with me" harry enquired fearing the answer that she would give. Ignoring him she walked over and stood beside him looking him up and down as if appraising a piece of meat. "Draco has told me so much about you wee little Potter" she reached up and traced her finger along his jaw.

He had seen this scene countless times before in his dreams. Bellatrix would taunt her helpless victim and when she started to get bored she would fall back on the tried and true method of torture, the Cruciatus. It brought her great pleasure to give such pain. But she completely startled him when she threw her leg over him and straddled him.

"Draco did not tell me that James had such an attractive son. How about we get to know each other first". She said in a husky voice. Bellatrix then stunned him again when she roughly grabbed his face and kissed him. His mind stuttered he was meant to be screaming in agony by now not being Kissed. He looked into her eyes and saw a look he had only ever seen once before in a member of the opposite sex.

It was the same look that Ginny had given him that one fateful night over to many Firewiskeys. He never thought he could be more sickened than the night Ginny had tried to have sex with him. As he thought about that night he almost started to dry reach.

But here was an older and far more attractive woman sitting on his lap giving him the same look. He had a mixture of emotions, he hated this women for the scenes in his tortured dreams. But he also felt attracted to her. It was fucked up he thought, I'm being held against my will and I fancy my captor.

The warmth of her tights against his waist and the weight of her in his lap started to produce a reaction in his lower region. She leant back in and kissed him again this time deeper. This action only increasing his growing desire. She must have noticed it to because she broke of the kiss roughly. "It seems I have little Potters attention" she laughed teasingly.

Harry had been betrayed by his teenage hormones. "I'll tell you what Potter you scratch my back and ill scratch yours" she said breathlessly. "What a-are you, aren't you supposed to be torturing me" he chocked out wondering what the hell was going on.

"Torturing you ... we can do that later" she laughed evilly. It hadn't been since her stupid idiot of a husband had been sent to Azkaban that she had been interment with anyone. She had got her pleasure from torture of so long that she had forgotten that she could get it in other ways. She had not felt lust for close to seventeen years, but when she looked at the Potter boy she felt the same way she had felt when she fell in love with Rodolphus. It was additively overpowering and she needed her fix. But she was determined to use this to her advantage and get what she wanted first.

The whole point of organising Harry's capture with that idiot Draco was to get the whole and unedited version of the prophesy. A prophesy made that included her lord and what was first thought to be Neville Longbottom. But as he was killed by the dark lord when the dark lord disappeared maybe they had been wrong about Neville after all. The only other person that the prophesy could be about was

Bellatrix would bet her life that her master couldn't return because of him.

While she had continued to stare into Harry's eyes her fingers started to undo the buttons on his shirt. When the last one was freed she threw his shirt open to reveal a bare chest and abdomen. While Harry was not the fittest person on earth he did have some teenage muscle. This only served to heighten Bellatrix's desire. As she reached to undo the fly of his pants he whispered breathlessly "please d-don't I ...". But she did not wait for the rest of what he was going to say as she finished releasing him from his pants. His sex organ sprang free and stood proudly. While the owner may have qualms about what was going on it certainly did not.

Without further thought Bellatrix grasped him and started to slowly stroke his length. He grew harder at her touch, his breathing becoming uneven. It was driving him crazy he was captured and held against his will knowing that soon he would undergo torture that would most likely end with his death at the hands of someone that could make him feel like this.

"Tell me about the prophecy Potter and this is only a taste of the pleasure I can give you". Was she talking about the prophecy he kept hearing in his dreams he wondered. The one which proclaimed him to be the only one to be able to kill the dark lord. It must have been why else would she have you here. A little voice in his head told him that no matter what he would not reveal what he knew. Because then he would no longer be any use to her.

He started to lose himself to her administration and his hips started to buck on their own accord. Pre-cum started to drip from the end of his rock hard penis. "I don't know anything about a prophecy" he gasped knowing she would see through this thin lie. It was not like he was in the best position to produce a great poker face. He was nearing release when he felt Bellatrix let go of him and stand up.

He wanted to cry out, why did she stop? "Come now Potter don't lie to me, I'll find out anyway" she cooed. He looked up to see her start to strip away her robe and reveal a still taunt sexy figure. His face became hot as she let her robe fall to the floor. Now completely

naked she bent over towards Harry until their faces almost met. Smiling she pulled a lever on the side of the chair. In one swift motion the chair reclined so that Harry was now laying down. "Perfect" she said as she climbed forward to straddle his waist again.

Leaning forward she kissed him again quickly as she repositioned herself so that he could feel her dripping wetness on the tip of his cock. Slowly she impaled herself, sinking down his whole length while moaning. She could barely believe the tightness she felt around him. While he was bigger than her husband she put the feeling down to it having been so long since she'd had sex. The feeling of incredible warmth spread where they were connected. Steadying herself from the almost overwhelming feeling of pleasure she moaned again.

Watching this Harry was suddenly lost to the moment. He stopped thinking of his impending death. His thoughts were completely filled with raw desire. "Feeling up to sharing yet" she asked as she started to move backward and forwards on his dick. Not trusting himself to talk for fear of revealing the prophecy he clenched his jaw in silence. Receiving nothing from Harry she slowly increased the pace while starting to play with her clit. Harry heard her whimper and his hips started to thrust upwards into her on their own accord. Again the pace quickened and Bellatrix put her hands on Harry's chest to hold herself up.

Muscles straining Harry tried to thrust harder against her but the chains holding him restricted his need for release. Squealing in ecstasy Bellatrix tightens around him he could feel her start to contract. That was it for Harry his desire reached climax and he felt a massive release.

Feeling a gush of warm fluid inside her was enough for Bellatrix too as she reached an earth shattering orgasm. Collapsing onto his chest Bellatrix lay on Harry as waves of pleasure hit her in her post-orgasmic state.

It was minutes later that she finally had enough strength to pick herself up off him and clean herself up. She picked up her clothes and dressed not bothering to look at Harry "Don't make me hurt you my love I don't want to but if you don't tell me the prophecy soon "

she trailed off and walked out of the small dungeon. And Harry was left reeling from what had just happened for the rest of the day alone.

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A week later found Harry looking extremely worse for wear. Between his torture and occasional sex session he was almost at the end of his endurance. He had not had one ounce of food since he had been brought here and had long since lost the will to live. Any fat that had been on his body had since been spent nourishing him through the intensive torture sessions and he now was only down to unforgiving muscle. Bellatrix had become two different people in Harry's mind she was Bellatrix the death eater and his torturer but he also saw her as Bella his lover.

When she came in for the torture sessions she was an angry and aggressive witch bent on doing everything she could to return her dark lord to power. But then she would come back in the dead of night with a seductive smile on her face and gently make love to him for hours. Whispering how much it pained her to hurt him but that if he didn't tell her what she wanted he was forcing her to hurt him. "Don't you see how much it pains me to hurt you Harry my love, please don't make me do it again" she begged of him after their last lovemaking.

The door to his cell opened again for the fifth time that day. He looked up in apprehension hoping to see Bella who loved him and not the death eater he was forcing her to be. Seeing the hatred in her eyes he sobbed knowing what was going to happen for the next hour. His torture sessions were the same thing every time and even if he had gotten bored of the Cruciatus it seemed that Bellatrix had not.

Agony was all he knew in these times and it had taken a toll on his mind. During the first sessions he had felt unbelievable pain that had not let up. Now during a full bout of Cruciatus his mind started to get fuzzy as if he was losing television reception. It was during these fussy moments that the pain went away. Slowly but surely he could feel his mind slipping away.

“Well Potter has Bella convinced you to tell me yet” she snarled playing on the fact that she knew he now thought of her as two different women in his deranged mind. Cruciatus had a way changing the way people looked at reality after prolonged exposure. “All you have to do is tell me what I want to know Potter and I’ll let the two of you go”. His mind was weak he knew that but part of his mind kept telling him not to tell this bitch the information she sought. “N-no” he managed to choke out his voice sounding very raw from all his screaming. “You will tell me Potter or you will give me no choice but to kill Bella” she spat. And as he started to sob again Bellatrix gave him another hour of torture starting with the Cruciatus.

That night Harry woke to find a woman straddling his naked body just like his Bella had done on his first night here. He looked up to the woman's eyes and saw the love they held for him.

It was his love, his Bella. He went to speak but only got out a choked sob “Shhh or she’ll hear us, we don’t have much time and I need you” Bella whispered. Every night the same words and each time they struck him the same. She needed him and he would do anything for her. She slid forward onto his chest as she lifted up her robe exposing her moist pussy lips. “Please Harry you know I love you” she said thickly. With her sex so close to his face he could smell the sweet aroma and it filled him with desire. He reached out his lips to kiss her pleasure box. Using his tongue like she had showed him to lick up the juices that had already started flowing free.

Bella lets out a sigh of joy as Harry busied himself with licking her snatch and she started playing with her tits. Harry knowing the best way to bring her to climax started to lick her clit lovingly. It was not long before she had her hands warped tightly around his head holding him to her pussy as she came roughly. Needing more and knowing Harry would be up for a lot more tonight. She repositioned herself over his cock as she had that first time. Grabbing her wand she muttered a lubrication charm and smiling at what she was about to do. Slowly and carefully she slid him into her.

Only this time she had him pointed at her recently lubricated ass. This was one thing she had wanted to do with Rodolphus when they were young. But as he barely lasted two minutes at the best of times they



had never got round to it. Harry groaned as he felt the tightness of her ass squeeze around him. This is how much she loved him he thought. No one else had made him feel like this. And she was doing this all for him. Because she loved him the same way he loved her.

After getting used to his size and the foreign feeling of him buried deep in her ass, she started to rise and fall strokeing him inside her. She could see Harry straining against the chains that bound him to try and thrust up into her and it amazed her that in his depleted health he still had more stamina than Rodolphus ever had. Moaning as she could feel the pleasure building only drove Harry to try even harder to satisfy her desire. Bella soon became only a passenger. And it was all she could do to stay on Harry as he thrust with a reckless abandon into her. "Yess H-harry f-faster" she squealed panting and seconds later she had climaxed again. It was pure bliss that's the only way she could describe it.

It took her a few minutes resting on Harry's chest to bring her back to the reason she was there. Noticing he was still rock hard inside her she smiled slipping off him. Now was the time to get what she really sought from him. She pulled out her wand again and after cleaning herself off Harry she knelt down between his legs. Grasping his still hard member knowing he was close to release. She bent forward so her lips were just touching his prick. "Harry you do love me don't you" she asked in what she made sound like a nervous voice. meanwhile she had started to bob her head up and down sucking him. "y-yes o-course" he gasped out breathing heavily.

Pausing from her ministrations she said "Then why don't you tell me the prophesy you know she'll kill me". As she went back to sucking his dick he replayed "I don't know it a-all" he was getting so close to release that he could barely focus. Part of his mind was still screaming for him not to tell her. But she loves me he thought "I-I only ... the p-power the .... dark l-lord didn't k-know ... c-can live w-while the o-other s-u-r-v-i-v-e-s".

Bella was so caught up listening to what he was saying that she forgot to stop sucking him. And as he said the last part of the prophesy his cum exploded into her mouth.

She was shocked and not just by the sweet tasting cum Harry was blasting into her mouth. So there it was her lord could not come back because Harry was alive. Harry had collapsed and his cum had slowed to a trickle when Bella finally made sense of the information about the prophesy. All she had to do was kill Harry and her lord would be able to return. It sounded so easy.

But when it came down to it could she kill him. Harry had brought her more pleasure in the last week and a bit than she had her whole life. She sealed herself she was being silly. While she would miss him there would be others, many others when the dark lord took over.

And with that thought she stood up and aimed her wand at him. Harry saw her stand and instantly noticed her changed demeanour "No please B-Bella come b-back" he cried distraught. "Good bye Harry" Bellatrix said and with his cum still coating her throat and mouth she whispered the curse that would end his life.

Moments later a huge magical explosion shook the room destroying almost everything inside it. The blast threatened to bring the roof down on an apparently unharmed Boy laying on what remained of the chair which had held him captive. The boy in question was laying as if sleeping but behind those closed lids a battle raged. A battle between two minds both apparently belonging to Harry Potter. One strong and healthy mind from another world and one delusional and partly missing mind. Both battled for supremacy in a brain that itself was damaged.

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Hours later and Harry stirred. A pain like he had never felt before ripped through his head. Well he thought if this is death no wonder Tom tried so hard to avoid it. He opened his eyes and looked around the room he was in. He was shocked as he recognised the room. Bellatrix's torture chamber. Great I've gone to hell he thought sarcastically. But he knew deep down that he was still alive. Maybe Voldemorts curse had backfired again and he had been taken her for interrogation. But wait I destroyed this place months ago.

Slowly images came unbidden into his mind. A life not his own flashed before his eyes. The life of Harry Potter but not his life. It was a very strange feeling. He saw his parents still alive, his sister, Godricks Hollow and Hogwarts still standing. Somehow he had ended up in another Harry's body in a world where Voldemort had gone after the Longbottoms first. Neville had died but Harry's parents were still alive. Not in his wildest dreams had he thought that it was even possible.

Harry felt a strange calmness in a part of his mind. The part he realised that contained the Harry from this worlds memories. Even thou the young Harrys mind had been crushed by a killing curse bare moments before he had occupied his body. He could summon up thoughts that defiantly belonged to the young Sixth year Grifindore.

Looking around Harry saw Bellatrix's wand lying next to the witch just within reach of his right it he apparated to the front door of the house that had flashed to the front of his mind mere moments before. Godricks Hollow so this was his home.

A home what a great feeling he thought. No more running away as safe house after safe house was located and destroyed by death eaters.

Harry felt a strange feeling in his mind it was the same feeling he felt when his mind was invaded through Legilimency. There was another foreign presence in his mind apart from the Sixth year grifindore's thoughts. It was a black presence. Its purpose was survival and it struggled for control. With a sharp strike to the front of his mind he could feel it start to suppress his thoughts. Suddenly he was overcome from the effort of trying to throw out the black presence. And he was consumed by darkness.

Recovery or heaven?

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Harry awoke with a very dry throat in what could only have been the hospital wing at Hogwarts. His head was spinning out of control and his body racked with pain. He quickly put up his Occlumency shields when he felt the black presence in his mind. The first thing he noticed in his dazed state was that he was not alone. Next to him holding his hand was a sleeping lily potter and behind her were James Potter and Sirius black conversing in soft tones. He turned to look to the other side of his bed and his eyes met what he thought was the most beautiful Girl he had ever seen. Her raven black shoulder length hair highlighting a cute tear stained face, awoke a feeling of warmth in his chest. Her Bright emerald green eyes shone from behind a curtain of long dark lashes, staring back at him.

As he started back into the depths of her eyes he tried to remember who she was. She must have noticed that he was awake when she said "I'm so sorry Harry I-I" tears started to well in her eyes. The black presence in his mind seemed to slip past Harry's hastily put up defence. And an incredible feeling of love arose in Harry.

It pained him to see this girl sad. "Don't cry Bella" his voice choked out on its own. he had lost control, and was only a passenger in his mind now. Her eyes widened at his statement a look of confusion coming across her face. Why did he call her Bella she thought and then it hit her. He thought that she was Mrs Lestranger. How far had she pushed him to make him forget his own sister. Why had she fallen for Draco's lies she asked herself.

Before she could respond to him James and Sirius rush over “Harry how are you feeling” James said nervously. Before Harry could comprehend the words spoken to him Lily had woken up “oh thank god your awake” she exclaimed. “Go get Madam Pomfrey” she barked at the girl beside him.

“B-but H-Harry just ...” she sobbed out before being interrupted by James “Now” he had raised his voice in a commanding tone. As she went to stand Harry reached out a shaking hand and grabbed her arm. “No d-don't leave me” he cried weakly. He had started to cry now and those around him could feel the room cool with the sound of his anguish. With a sad face James turned and looked at Sirius with an unspoken question. Without a word Sirius left the room quickly to find the nurse.

When he had returned with Madam Pomfrey in tow Harry had lost his battle completely with the presence and was fast asleep.

Awhile later the nurse had finished her final testing and turned to face the stricken family. “Well it seems it's worse than I first thought, as you all know prolonged exposure to Cruciatus can cause damage to nerve endings and muscles like Mr Potter first showed, but it can also cause damage to the brain.

Lily had started crying “he'll get better right” Sirius said quickly. The nurses expression saddened “I won't know for sure until I hear back from a mind healer friend of mine. But you must prepare yourself for the possibility that Mr Potter may have been pushed to far”.

Lily was shattered how would she go on without Harry, would he ever be the same.

“But he was just talking to Kaitlyn, wasn't he Kat” Sirius said hopefully looking pointedly his goddaughter . “He Talked to you” the nurse asked Kaitlyn quickly.

“Y-yes he did, But he called me Bella” Kaitlyn sniffled out.

“What” Lily exclaimed

“So he thinks he's still being held captive” James Said looking like he wanted to wake Harry and tell him everything was alright. “Well either way we won't know anything until tomorrow so I suggest you all go home and get some rest” Poppy said. Lily tried to object but poppy refused saying “Your no help to Harry here. He needs sleep”.

After being dismissed James grabbed lily in a hug and steered her toward the floo. Sirius and Kaitlyn following the sad parents. As Kaitlyn left the Hospital wing she whispered so that no one could hear “I'm sorry Harry please forgive me”.

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The next day Found the elder Potters sitting at their small kitchen table at Godrick Hollow. They were exhausted for staying up half the night packing. Organizing all their worldly possessions for the big move to Potter Manor. It had been decided after the attack on the Hogwarts express that the family would move to the ancestral home for improved protection. And now that Harry was back they had sped up their efforts in an attempt to take their minds off his condition.

Kaitlyn especial took to the task and already had the library and both Harry's and her own rooms done. She was currently going through the attic putting everything in special Portkey boxes that her dad had brought home from the ministry. As she worked she thought about the events that lead to Harry's capture and her involvement. She had known for weeks that her now ex-boyfriend Draco had been conspiring with his aunt over something that they were planning for the end of the year.

She had asked him about it and he had told her that they were going to scare the Mudbloods into not coming back for the next year. He had told her that they were going to put identifying charms on all the Purebloods so they would not be caught up in the drama that he had planned. She had even put the charm on her brother Harry. As Draco could not add it to him because of the protective spells that Dumbledore had put over their family.

She had been utterly manipulated by the Malfoy heir. When she had confronted him still shocked with what had happened he had laughed

at her. He had told her that it was his duty to get rid of 'That Mugglelover Fool'. And when she had threatened to tell Dumbledore about what he had done he laughed again. He Had told her to try and prove it. After all she was the one to put the tracking charm on him he had mocked.

She hated herself right now and not just for being manipulated by someone that she had started to love. No she hated herself for getting Harry caught. When she had told her parents it was all Sirius could do to hold Lily back from trying to strangle her. But it was her father's reaction which hurt her more he had been silent as Lily struggled against Sirius. When he turned to her he had rage in his eyes and said only one word "out".

She had left immediately having no idea where to go. She Had no friends places to go to, Draco had seen to that. The only other family she had were her hateful aunt and uncle. Who she'd rather kill than stay with again. She had settled of living on the streets of Muggle London for a few days until Sirius had found her. And with her sobbing into his arms he apparated her back home. Her parents were very cold with her after that but that was something she was used to.

The days before Harry had apparated back home were miserable for her. But had gotten worse when she had discovered Harry's naked scar ridden form on the door step. The damage that he suffered had only increased her descent into despair.

When Madam Pomfrey had informed them as to the extent of his injury's it had become apparent that he had been tortured. The information that because of her. The only person in her family who had treated her nicely was tortured. It was almost too much for her. She had sat up for hours contemplating killing herself. She could have easily done it. She had even started brewing the potion which would take her life. But in the end she decided to dedicate herself to helping Harry recover. She would not rest until he had. And when he had recovered she vowed to make Bellatrix and Draco pay for what they had done.

Hearing soft footsteps coming up the stairs she turned around to see Sirius enter the room. "How are you doing kiddo" he asked her

sincerely. He had been the only one to notice how much the incident had hurt her. How much it killed her to be the one responsible for Harry's condition. "Hi Sirius" she mumbled her reply. Sirius seeing that she was in no mood for a chat said "Well just letting you know we are going to visit Harry soon".

Seeing her drop the book she was holding into a box and dusting off her hands. He turned around and started his decent down the stairs knowing Kaitlyn would follow him.

When they had arrived in the kitchen Kaitlyn saw her mother bristle when she saw that Kaitlyn was going to accompany them. But without further conversation they left by floo to see Harry in the hospital wing at Hogwarts.

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Upon arrival the group were met by Madam Pomfrey. "You can't see him yet my friend Dr Peters the mind healer is still with Harry" she had said as a greeting. "Is he doing any better" James asked before Lily could demand to see her son. "well he slept most of the night and only woke a few hours ago when Dr Peters arrived. He has been with him ever since. Hopeful it won't be to long" and as the nurse finished talking the door to the ward opened and a short blonde haired man walked out.

"Ah Dr Peters we were just talking about you" Madam Pomfrey said and proceeded to introduce everyone. After everyone had met Dr Peter Said "Well the young man's definitely got a long road ahead of him. He seems to have no damage to his speech or writing side of his brain. He seems to have retreated into his mind. something that is common with the trauma he suffered. I do detect spell damage but I'm hopeful that he will recover most of it in time." Here he paused to give Madam Pomfrey a sheet of parchment "I recommend he takes these potions on a regular basis until I see him again next month. They will heal the damaged fibres in his brain. But the rest will be up to him I'm afraid. I recommend that once he is physically better that he be transferred to a more calming environment, Back home perhaps. He will need constant supervision until I see him again". And with that Dr Peters gave his farewells and flooed back to St Mungos.



"Can we see him Poppy" James asked the nurse. "Ok but you have to promise not to get in my way while I'm running test's" and with that the group walked into see a Sleeping Harry.

After a couple minutes of Madam Pomfrey double and triple checking the results of Harry's physical condition to say she was stunned was the understatement of the century. If she had have been sitting on a stool she would have fallen off it she was certain. Harry's body had almost completely healed and he had only been here two days. While she prided herself in being one of the best healers around it was just not possible that he could have healed in such a short time.

Lily seeing the nurse sit down in shock mistook her look and asked "What's wrong Madam Pomfrey is Harry ok". Turning to Lily with a blank look crossing her features she said "What Lily. Oh no it just well it's unbelievable. Mr Potter is almost completely healed". And then she added "The only thing wrong with him now other than mentally is that he's tired". The Potter Clan looked at her in shock "How's that possible" James said.

"Look for yourself" Madam Pomfrey said while pulling the covers of his bed back to reveal a bare chest that only yesterday had been full of scars and festering sores. It now was completely clear of all marks. "It's the best I could have hoped for in weeks of treatment and it happened overnight. I've never seen anything like it".

After a few minutes of discussion in which they were joined by Albus Dumbledore. It was decided that Harry would stay under Madam Pomfrey care until she was sure he had no side effects of his quick healing. And once Madam Pomfrey was sure he was ok he would be taken to Potter manor to finish his recovery in the security that the manor offered.

Half an hour later Dumbledore and Madam Pomfrey stood discussing Harry's amazing recovery after the Potter clan had left. "What do you make of it all Albus" Poppy asked the aged wizard. "I'm not sure poppy, Harry has always excelled at most things he sets his eyes upon perhaps he wiled himself better" He responded. "Is that possible Albus" poppy asked.

"Almost anything's possible Poppy it is a magical world after all" he said with a twinkling in his eyes. Before the nurse could respond A strange moan sounded from behind them

Both Witch and wizard turned shocked to see Harry sitting up in his hospital bed. "Harry it's good to see you back with us so soon" the elderly wizard said while his eyes started to twinkle more. Harry wanted to scream he was trying to wrestle control of his body back so he could tell them what was happening to him.

To the outside world it looked like he was struggling to talk. When suddenly his eyes closed and his head snapped upwards while his body convulsed. Poppy ran over to make sure he was not having a seizure. when he had finally stilled he opened his eyes again this time they were dull and lifeless "where's my Bella" he asked tears coming to his face.

"Don't worry Harry She's not here she can't hurt again".

"What" Harry said looking very confused "I want to see her, she was just here I saw her". His voice started to raise "where's my Bella".

"Please Harry don't strain yourself" poppy said putting a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"BELLA" he yelled longing dripping in his voice. Then his body collapsed back into his bed, but not before whispering "I love you Bella, Please come back". After he had fallen back into a dream filled sleep Poppy turned to Dumbledore a questioning look in her eyes "What do you make of that Albus".

"I don't know what to think he is obviously delusional who knows what happened to him while he was tortured. It has been known for people to begin to physiologically attach themselves to their capturers in conditions such as the one he was in. The Muggles even have a term for it. They call it Stockholm syndrome. I think it likely that he developed this attachment as a form of self defence. And as Dr peters said he must have buried himself in his mind. I could have

attempted Legilimency but I'm afraid it could do more damage than good. No we must wait until he has healed his mind more".

"I didn't tell his family but I found traces of more than just Cruciatus on him Albus. He had her" Here she paused wondering how to put it. "Well he had her scent on him" she finished knowing that the older wizard would know what she was hedging around.

Dumbledore's eyes turned even sadder "well that would explain a lot". But why did she organise to capture him specifically in the first place he thought. Did she do it to get back at the Potters or was it something more. He wondered if it could have something to do with the prophecy. He would have to contemplate this more in his office. "Thank you for telling me that Poppy. I'm going to return to my office please let me know if he wakes again".

"Certainly Albus". poppy said turning back to a still sleeping Harry and wondered not for the first time how someone could hurt such a gentle boy. Sighing she turned back to her summer cleaning hoping that Harry would get better eventually. If only for poor lily and James's sake.

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An hour later Dumbledore sat in his mahogany chair at his desk thinking about the events surrounding Harry. Harry had always been incredibly smart. He sometimes put the older wizard in mind of another boy who half a century ago attended this same school. But that other boy Tom riddle was like the night to Harry's day. Where Riddle had been in Slythrin and tried to control his surroundings and the people in it. Harry just went with the flow living a happy life with friends and family who loved him. While he had been a bit off the last few weeks Dumbledore had put it down to the extra studying he did for his exams. It was not unusual to have students start acting oddly during exams. No Harry was not like Riddle at all and for that Dumbledore was very glad. This latest event could change all that though.

From what he could piece together from interviewing a very depressed but willing Kaitlyn. Bellatrix Lestrange had contacted

Draco with a plan to capture Harry and had tricked Kaitlyn into believing they were attacking muggleborns to get her help. A quick read of the girl's mind showed him that she had not known what their true plan had been, but it still disturbed him that Kaitlyn would hate the Muggleborns enough that she would have gone along with a plan to hurt them.

Albus had taken her prefect badge and had told her that if Harry decided to press charges he would have to testify against her in front of the Wizengamot. He was surprised when she had replied that if Harry wanted to press charges that she would willingly tell the Wizengamot her role in the plan. Such was her guilt. He knew from that conversation that there would be no way to pin Draco to the attack. It seemed he was well trained by his father when it came to slipping out of trouble. And Bellatrix was already wanted for torturing the McKinnons so it looked like the attack would go unpunished for a while. With a sigh he heaved himself out of his chair and headed for the dungeons to see if Severus could shed some light on these horrific events.

## Why we Fight

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He knew from that conversation, that there would be no way to pin Draco to the attack. It seemed he was well trained by his father when it came to slipping out of trouble. Meanwhile Bellatrix was already wanted for torturing the Mckinnons, so it looked like the attack would go unpunished for awhile. With a sigh he heaved himself out of his chair and headed for the dungeons to see if Servus could shed some light on these horrific events.

The Sun had just begun to rise on the Potters house in Godricks Hollow as Kaitlyn threw the last item from the kitchen into a Porkeybox. She activated it so that it would be waiting for her at Potter Manor. Now all she had to do was wait until Sirius came to pick her up. She decided to pass the time with one last look around the house. This house had been her home her whole life and she felt slightly sad at leaving it.

As she entered the lounge room she noticed a black mark on the far wall behind where the couch had sat. Casting her mind back she remembered what had caused that particular mark. It was Christmas of Harry's first year and Sirius had given him an exploding cauldron thinking it was extremely funny. Lily had ordered Sirius out of the house for the whole day, only to have him return before lunch in his dog form with his tail stuck between his legs and whimpering. Against her best judgment Lily let him stay only to have her chicken diner blow-up minutes later. It was the last time Kaitlyn remembered true happiness. It had been before she went to Hogwarts, before she had been sorted into Slytherin.

Absently she brushed at her skirt to get it to sit flat while she was lost in thought. After she had been sorted into Slytherin her life had changed forever. She had been an outcast in the house of green for the first few years. It had not been until she had started to grow into her good looks that she finally had friends. But as she knew now they were not real friends, they had only wanted to use her. She had thought Draco was different but he too had used her.

Thinking about the Blonde boy made her angry so she quickly walked back to the kitchen. Looking around hoping for something to distract her from thinking about that dickhead. Sitting down at the old rickety table she forced herself to think about the new house. She welcomed this move with open arms, it would give her the chance to start over again. She did not dare to hope that she would ever be close with her family again. But it would give her the chance to be alone more in the spacious house.

Potter manor was a huge place that had been built in the late eighteenth century. It was modelled in the style that was popular to Muggle royalty at the time and was a marvel. It was a four storied masterpiece made from the finest limestone and caped with cream coloured marble. It was adorned with large window's which spanned the front of all four floors. The manor itself sat on twenty acres of beautiful rolling hills and forests. Making it one of the most beautiful places Kaitlyn had ever seen, or hoped to see. It was a sight for sore eyes and gave the family hope. Hope for a better future, for them, but more importantly for Harry.

The only reason that they had not lived at Potter manor instead of their Godrick's Hollow house was it was too large a place for Lily to have kept an eye on her children when they were young. That and Lily wanted her kids to grow up as normal as possible, well as Muggle as possible. She wanted them to have Muggle friends and attend the local Muggle school. But now they were grownup Potter manor offered the best protection, especially with the way the world was slowly turning dark again. Now with the move they finally had enough room for Sirius to live with them. Something James had been trying to get Lily to agree to for years, but they had never really had the room for him.

Kaitlyn had a room at Potter manor on the fourth floor with an adjoining bathroom to Harry's new Room. It was decided that this was the best way for Harry's recovery since James and Lily would not be able to be around to much because of work. That and the view from the large windows in their rooms were spectacular. Kaitlyn had wanted to help Harry with his recovery anyway, after all it was her fault he was in this condition. It took some convincing on her part to secure the room as her parents still did not trust her fully.

Today they were going to set Harry's room up, so as soon as he was cleared by Madam Pomfrey he could come to their new home too. The mind healer had hoped that being in such a comforting environment would help him recover. And it was this or a bed in spell recovery at St Mungos, Which was instantly apposed.

A knock at the front door brought Kaitlyn out of her thoughts, it must be Sirius she thought. With one last look around the kitchen she grabbed her coat and opened the door. Leaving her old life for what she hoped was a better one, one with less suffering.

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Harry struggled under this latest onslaught as the 'Dark Thing' as he thought of it, attacked him. He did not know how much time had passed on the outside world, but at the present moment he did not care. The 'dark thing' embodied as a huge black norwidgean ridgeback dragon, again attacked his mental defences, or as he had visualized them Hogwarts castle. He had come up with this defence when he had finally learnt Occlumency during his time on the run. It had been Tonks that had taken the time to help him sort out his mental defences and he had taken to the mind art very quickly under her tutelage. He had learnt that clearing his mind was not the only way to keep people out, it was only the most popular way to defend one's mind. He had become even better than his teacher when it came to resisting foreign searches.

Tonks had given him some of her old Auror books that she had saved from her London flat before it was destroyed by death eaters. Other than learning Occlumancy he had also learnt Legilimency and the spells and tactics that Aurors employed. He was not anywhere near as good at Legilimency as he was at Occlumancy but it had taught him how a skilled Legilimens attacked and what to look for.

The Auror spells he had learnt were the most valuable piece of his on the run training. The most valuable spells he learnt were the unforgivable's and they had soon become some of the most popular spells he cast.

Again the black dragon attacked his defences and he felt them start to weaken. He hastily increased his concentration to strengthen them. He wondered not for the first time what had happened, he was killed by Voldemort but instead of dying he had ended up in what he had come to find out was a different world. He was overjoyed when he had seen his parents alive in the other Harrys memories and then again when he saw them visiting him in hospital. He had wanted so desperately to talk to them, but he had no control of his body thanks to that 'dark thing'.

It was an odd presence that he had since come to realise was a mutation of the young Harry's mind. It was all that was left of his soul after Bellatrix had tortured him. She had destroyed his mind until all that was left was a sick blending of his delusional need to be loved and a colossal hatred for everything else. It had but one goal in life and that was to reclaim full control of this body from the older Harry. It could not control it at the moment thanks to Harry's presence but was getting stronger feeding off Harry's happy thoughts, especially his feelings for his new family.

Harry sighed mentally as the black dragon swooped down to attack again. Bitterly thinking that maybe he was wrong and he was dead. Maybe this was hell, to know that he had the life he had always wanted but it was forever out of reach. The battle of the minds continued neither side gaining or loosing much.

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In the largest bedroom at the newly occupied Potter manor a restless Lily potter was tossing and turning in her bed. Waking up from her restless sleep she sighed and clamped a pillow over her face. she had a splitting headache that may or may not have been from the bottle of Firewhisky that she had polished off last night. She had fallen into the habit the night harry had been attacked and abducted from the Hogwarts express. it had comforted her at that troubling time.

After Harry had been discovered on their doorstep and she was told that he had been tortured only made her drink more. It took the pain



of imagining the horrors that her eldest son had been through. The horrors of what that bitch Bellatrix had done to her son.

She threw the pillow she was holding and sat up slowly, wincing at the pain in her head. Reaching over to the ornate bedside table she picked up the potions she had come to rely on. One Hangover potion and one pepper-up potion. Downing their contents she instantly felt her headache dull and the thoughts she had been trying to repress came back to her. "Damn" she said allowed to the empty room while she contemplated getting another bottle of alcohol. Deciding against it she got out of bed and walked over to her closet, where she grabbed some clothes.

As she turned to cross the floor to where the bathroom was she looked at a moving photograph on the wall. It showed a scene from last Christmas where the family sat opening presents. Her eyes were drawn to a laughing Harry sitting next to her blushing form. He was holding up a copy of naughty witch monthly, a magazine which Sirius had gotten him. Shaking her head as she remembered the scene she wondered if Harry would ever laugh again.

Snapping herself out of those dangerous thoughts she noticed Kaitlyn in the photo shaking her head at Harry's present. Lily felt her anger and disappointment rise up when she thought of Kaitlyn, she felt betrayed by her.

Lily proceeded to the bathroom not bothering to close the door behind her. She striped off her pink satin night dress and stepped into the shower. Why had Kaitlyn turned out like she had, she was always a quiet girl when she was young. She used to idolise Harry but all that had changed when she had gone to Hogwarts.

Where she had been sorted into Slytherin and had started to distance herself from the family. Then she had become friends with all the wrong sorts of people and would not listen to her when she warned Kaitlyn about them.

And now because of her involvement with Draco the worst thing imaginable had happened, she had gotten Harry captured and tortured. Even if she had not meant to hurt Harry she was still guilty of

going along with what she had been made to believe would be an attack on the Muggleborns students. Clearly she had come to hate Muggles and Muggleborns but why, Was it something she had done. Was it because Lily was a Muggleborn or had she been brainwashed in Slytherin. Lily had always passed off her prejudiced comments about Muggles as her trying to fit in with her house but now she knew she was wrong.

Lily lent into the hot water and sighed as the water poured over her body. At least she still had one comfort these days. Well other than James but it had been days since she had that type of comfort. Thinking of that last time with James she could feel herself starting to get hot.

It had been the night before the kids were to come back from Hogwarts. Knowing that they would not have time to be together again for a while had made it a very passion filled night. A night where Lily had found a good use for the new coffee table she had bought in the after Christmas sales. She had even need to Reparo it when they had finished because of how hard a pounding it had got. She was sore all the next day when they had gone to pickup Harry and Kaitlyn from London.

Sighing she stopped herself thinking about that wonderful time and turned around deciding to have a cold shower after all.

After she had finished her shower she dressed into a casual shirt and flowery skirt that James was quite a fan of. She decided to go get some breakfast before flooing Hogwarts to check in on Harry. She descended down the stairs into the large kitchen and found Her husband sitting at the table reading the daily prophet. He looked so mature when he went about his morning ritual she thought. Then as if he heard her thought he let out a massive burp and started to scratch his crouch. Totally ruining the mature look with his vulgar display. Sighing Lily continued into the kitchen and greeted James "Your disgusting You know".

James looked up from his paper and with a lopsided grin and said "I'm not disgusting I'm James Potter, you know your husband". Lily raised her eyebrows "Really my husband how did that happen was it

a love potion?". James gave her a indignant look and puffed up his chest before saying "No it was my dashing good looks and charm". Giggling Lily walked up behind James and started to massage his shoulders "Well it defiantly wasn't your brains that's for sure" And as if to prove it she pointed to the word puzzle in his paper "Number four across is not Goblinboy its Gillyweed ".

Before James could argue that his answer was correct Sirius walked through the door looking very dishevelled with grass sticking out of his hair "Who's weed" he asked. Then seeing Lily standing over James he Quipped "Did you get caught again prongs, I told you not to hide it in the bathroom.

Lily's head snapped back to James and gave him a cold look "James Potter how could you, you promised you wouldn't smoke anymore". James gave Sirius an angry look before he turned to Lily "He's only joking Lily, I told you I would stop and I haven't done it since". Laughing Sirius sat down across from his best friend while grabbing a muffin from the tray on the table.

Lily having lived with Sirius antics for the last twenty odd years ignored his laughter. "What happened to you Sirius it looks like you've fallen off your broom, not drinking and flying again are you?" she said commenting on his appearance. Having just stuffed the muffin he had picked up into his mouth it was a couple of moments and lots of flying crumbs later before anyone could understand what Sirius was saying. James was laughing while Lily made a horrified face "That disgusting, Sirius you're a pig".

When he had finished chewing Sirius finished saying "And so here I am". James was now interested in what had happened to Sirius and asked him to repeat what he said in English. "Well Melissa dumped me this morning over some silly little thing and as it turns out she's got quite a blasting hex". Lily knowing that there was more to the story than what he was saying said "and does this 'silly little thing' have a name, Joan perhaps or is it Mandy again".

Sirius gave Lily a sad look of indignation "How dare you accuse me of cheating on my lovely Melissa I loved her". Lily looked sorry when she saw the crestfallen look on Sirius face. "Oh sorry Sirius I Thought"

but before she could finish James had interrupted her "Its Amy isn't it" he said with laugh.

Sirus had the decency to look a bit guilty "Well she is little and a bit silly, she has some of the best tits I've ever seen". Lily looked angry and Sirus quickly ducked under the table as a muffin was thrown at him "Sirus don't talk like that". Here James grinned and said "besides I'm sure Amy's got nothing on Lily". He was quickly hit on the shoulder by a heavily blushing Lily as she exclaimed. "James Please, What have we talked about, don't bring yourself down to his level" here she pointed at Sirus.

Trying to change the subject James asked Sirus "Did you remember to pickup Kaitlyn ". But before Sirus could answer Kaitlyn walked through the door with a box of kitchenware. "Good morning what are you guys talking about I heard laughter" she said timidly glancing between her parents and Sirus. Sirus was the first to answer Grinning like a Cheshire cat all the while "We we just talking about your Mums tits isn't that right Lily". Blushing even more Lily Chased Sirus out of the kitchen yelling at him.

"Well that's a very strange thing to be talking about over breakfast I won't ask how that came up" Kaitlyn remarked to her dad as Lily came back through the door. James Just laughed and said "Muffins" holding two up for Kaitlyn. Rolling her eyes Kaitlyn rested the box she was holding on the bench and left the room as Lily yelled at James for encouraging Sirus. As Kaitlyn left she sighed wishing Harry was here to join in with her father's antics. Well at least she could set up his room so that he could leave the hospital quicker. And with that thought in mind she climbed the stairs to the fourth floor to start unpacking Harry's stuff.

Mean while back in the kitchen Kaitlyn was already forgotten as the trio of adults finished eating breakfast a bit more sombrely than before.

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Looking around at Harry's new room Kaitlyn felt proud at what she had accomplished in such a short time. It was a lot quicker setting

everything up than it was packing it. Thanks to the fact that she could use magic here without fear of being detected by the ministry. Harry's room was beautiful with polished wooden floors and an ornate marble fire place being the focal point of the whole room. His old stuff looked very strange in such an open environment and very spread out.

Kaitlyn had gone through his magazine stack to see if there were any Quidditch posters she could use to decorate the room when she found a copy of Naughty Witch monthly. Smiling sadly she noticed that it was not the same one that Sirius had given Harry at Christmas, it was in fact a few years old. Flipping through it she was a bit shocked that anyone would do some of the things that were pictured in the magazine. She was just about to put the magazine down when Sirius had bounded into the room. When he saw what she had in her hands he said "I thought you were into guys Kat, did that slimy little Malfoy turn you off men altogether". he said laughing.

But when he saw the sadness in her eyes he said "I'm sorry Kat, Bad joke". As he walked over to sit next to her she said bitterly "Well if all guys are like that dickhead could you blame me". Sirius hugged her not knowing what to say while Kaitlyn started to cry. She did not know why but she needed to talk to someone about what she was feeling. "Why did I not listen to you guys .. I-I thought he was different .. B-But he was just using me the whole time .. owww Harry". Here she sobbed into Sirius's shoulder "why H-Harry".

Sirius saw that Lily had come to see what was happening and so he said "Shhh it's not your fault". At this point Kaitlyn not aware that Lily was standing at the door Sobbed "Y-Yes it is .. I-I can't do anything right and now Harry's .. how can you even talk to me Sirius, why don't you hate me too". Sirius glanced at Lily in the doorway and replied "No one hates you Kat, We realise you we manipulated, Dumbledore showed us what happened in his pensive". Slowly her tears started to subside as she said "You should hate me, I know I do".

Sirius saw a strange look cross Lily's face before she backed out of the door way and headed for the stairs. Sighing he stood up stroking her hair and knowing the moment was over he said "Take a look at page twenty-three that'll take your mind off things. I know it helped Harry". Laughing with a tinge of hysteria Kaitlyn flipped to the page

he had indicated and shocked Sirius when she remarked "Wow I'll never look at a wand the same again". Shaking his blushing head he said "Well were going to get Harry so don't have too much fun while were gone" gesturing to the magazine. Sirius laughed as he seceded in getting Kaitlyn to blush and walked out the door.

On the stairs just outside the room was a very Angry looking Lily. Knowing that she must have heard the last part of his embarrassing conversation with Kaitlyn he quickly transformed into his dog form and ran passed her before she could lay into him.

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Harry lay in his bed in the hospital wing staring up at the ceiling with a blank look on his face. This was a direct contradiction to what was happening in his mind, he was screaming for control. His parents had come to pick him up and he could not communicate with them in anyway. After the three adults had entered the room lily had hugged him, sadly telling him about the move to Potter manor. She had been holding his hand ever since looking into his dull eyes.

He wanted to be able to hug her back and tell her that he was fine. But he had no control over his body at all. The only progress he had in the battle that raged inside his mind was to limit the control his dark counterpart had over his body. He had cut off the others access to his muscles so it was effectively a prisoner just like him.

The dark presence tried again to wrestle control of Harry's muscles back and slowly Harry could feel himself losing his foothold. He knew he would not be able to resist indefinitely. As he thought about how he could try to overpower the presence he heard Poppy say that it was ok for him to go home. He felt joy at this statement finally he could go home, it was a dream come true. A place where his parents , Sirius and his sister lived. As he felt the feeling of joy arise in him he felt the presence recoil a bit. Ahh he thought I've found its weakness but before he had finished that thought it smashed back into him slightly stronger. His vision started to dull and he felt his body going to sleep, not again he screamed but like always no one heard him.

Lily saw Harry closes his eyes and fall to sleep he looked so peaceful she thought. "Well if it's alright with you poppy I think we should take Harry home now. Thanks for everything you have done for him". And after collecting the potions that would help heal his mind James levitated Harry out through the doors and down to the path to Hogsmeade with Lily and Sirius at his side. While they were getting closer to the end of the wards James let himself smile for the first time since they had arrived for Harry. They could finally take him how it was a wonderful feeling. And with that thought he side-along apparated Harry to their new family home, Potter manor.

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Kaitlyn was busy hanging the last of the Quidditch posters she had found in Harry's magazines when she heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Her breath caught in her throat, Harry was home. Finally Harry was here it was as if he had been gone from their lives forever. She felt like it was a new dawn, Harry was home and now her life could start anew once he got better. With this new feeling of hope rising inside her she turned to greet her parents as they came through the door while levitating Harry.

"How is he" Kaitlyn asked no one in particular. Lily gave Kaitlyn a strange look before answering. Lily could not understand Kaitlyn, she increasingly disliked their family throughout the last few years. She outright argued with Lily during Christmas. She had even told Lily she had wished she was not related to them. But Just this afternoon Lily had seen her talking to Sirius distraught and hating herself for Harry's condition. If she had not seen the look in her eyes and the heartache in her voice she would have passed it off. But after what she had seen she started wondering if maybe Kaitlyn had seen that it had been her that was wrong all along, had she changed.

"He has not changed" Lily answered bluntly. Even if Kaitlyn had truly changed she was still not Lily's favourite person right now after what she had done. Meanwhile throughout their exchange James had finished levitating Harry to his new King sized bed. He looked like an unanimated puppet just put down by its master. His limbs splayed out haphazardly around him and his head lay blankly looking at the

ceiling. The room had quieted as if expecting Harry to now wake up and be ok now that he was home.

Lily shook her head trying to keep her tears at bay. She could not shake the feeling that Harry would never be able to talk to her again. Looking at him on the bed now, he looked like an empty vessel. But consoled herself with one thought, he had talked to Kaitlyn so surly he just needed to regain his strength. With that thought she walked over to him and started straitening his arms and legs to what should be a more comfortable position. Just as she had started Kaitlyn had walked over from the other side of the bed and started helping her. Lily looked up and saw the same emerald tear ridden eyes looking back at her. Eyes that contained so much hurt that Lily stoped what she was doing. She was about to reach out to comfort her daughter when James spoke.

"Kaitlyn go get some water for Harry" James said making it sound like an order, which it was. Kaitlyn lowered her head and without a word she walked out of the room to get a cup for Harry. While she was gone Sirius contemplated saying something to his best friend, about the tone he used when he talked to Kaitlyn. He knew James had always had a very uneasy relationship with his daughter ever since she had left for Hogwarts. The latest events did not help the situation, but Sirius wondered if James knew how bad Kaitlyn was feeling right now.

Kaitlyn was the baby of the family and her parents had doted on her when she was little. She was James's little princess, if she ever wanted anything she had but to ask for it. Sirius would have gone so far as to call her spoilt but he would have to take a big part of the blame for that. But when she started Hogwarts she had changed. At first it was only small things like not joining in the annual snowball fight at Christmas because it was belittling to a witch to get her hands dirty. But it had escalated when she had started to go out with Malfoy. That was one argument that Sirius would never forget.

It had been the Christmas before last when she had asked to spend the day at the Malfoys. And when a horrified Lily asked why she would want to do that, Kaitlyn informed them all of their status. Pandemonium greeted her statement, Lily was trying to deny it and



James was outright yelling at her. After about an hour of yelling, screaming and more than a few slammed doors Kaitlyn had ended the argument by screaming that she wished she did not belong to such a prejudiced family. She had then gone on to yell that they should be happy that such a noble pureblood would wish to go out with her with Lily's blood being what it was.

Lily had cried all night after that while James comforted her all the while outraged at what his daughter had said. Meanwhile Kaitlyn had barricaded her door and wouldn't even let Harry in to talk to her. From that day forward James and Lily were very awkward around Kaitlyn.

While Sirius had been thinking Kaitlyn had come back with a glass of water and James had roughly grabbed it off her and walked over to Lily's side. Seeing her farther hand her Mum the glass Kaitlyn started to back out of the room knowing she would not be wanted or missed for a while. She walked back down the stairs with a claustrophobic feeling rising in her. Harry was here and nothing had changed. Now that she had finished packing and setting up the new place it finally hit her that nothing was going to change. The work had given her hope and now she had nothing to do, the reality of what her life had become sunk in.

It was with this despair that she decided to stop by the kitchen and grab a bottle of firewhiskey before heading back to her room. If it worked for her Mum maybe it could work for her too. Besides if it didn't she still had the ingredients in her potions case to make a nice poison.

Hours later back in Harry's room Lily was lying next to her son stroking his hair as he slept. James and Sirius had left to celebrate Harry's home coming. Meaning they were going to get drunk down the pub, so they didn't have to think about Harry's condition. And despite knowing how upset she would get Lily was thinking about that very subject.

So many things whirled around inside her head. Would he get better and if he did would he be the same. The healer had told them that he had some brain damage would he recognise them. Would he ever be able to have a normal life now because of what happened.

He had been a great son, Loving , caring and very bright. She had been so proud when he had tied for the record number of owls with his study rival Hermione. She remembered the day they had gone out to that fancy Muggle restaurant to celebrate his achievement.

She let out a small sob now he was like a vegetable most of the time and when he did speak he did not make any sense. Both times he had talked to her he had said no more than a few words with no meaning. Then when he had talked to Kaitlyn he had thought he was still a captive of that Bitch Lestrage. Lily promised herself that if she ever caught the evil Bitch she would make her pay for what she had done.

Looking up at the clock on Harry's bedside table she saw that she only had three hours until she had to get to work. Sighing she got up and left the sleeping Harry with a kiss to his fore head. She knew she should get some sleep if she was going to be able to function. The ministry was going to be busy and at this time of year she as the head of administration for spell reversal had forbade her workers from taking time off, so it would have been hypocritical if she didn't turn up for work in the morning.

A few restless hours latter and Lily was showered and ready to head to work. Bumping into a groggy James she reminded him to get Kaitlyn up before he left to look after Harry. Nodding painfully James said he would as she stepped into the floo and disappeared.

James did what Lily had asked him to do after a few hangover potions. Waking up a very worse for wear looking Kaitlyn who if he didn't know better was more hung over then He and Sirius had been. Groaning she got up and walked to the bathroom as James told her what was expected of her. She closed the door before he had even finished talking to her. "Little Bitch" he muttered as he shook his head. He had a long day ahead of him and decided to skip the painful visit to Harry's room. Today he hoped to convince his Boss that he should head up the hunt for Bellatrix so he could take his mind off things at home.

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Before showering Kaitlyn took a headache potion she had left from her exam week and vowed to steal a few anti-hangover potions from her parents later on. Letting her night dress fall to the floor she walked over to the large bath that dominated the room. Apparently the previous Potters had not thought to put a shower in this bathroom. But Kaitlyn did not mind she would rather soak for a while anyway.

The large sunken bath reminded her of the prefects bathroom at Hogwarts in that it was more like a small swimming pool. It had the same multiple taps that the prefects bath had too. Turning on one of the taps and she was greeted with a purple coloured water pouring from its spout. Smelling of rosemary, she decided that would do for today and she would leave the other taps for later. It might even give her something good to look forward to discovering the other scents. Sinking into the huge bath she sighed at the warmth that began to surround her body she could get used to this.

After half an hour soaking Kaitlyn dragged herself out of the bath and dried herself off. When she was dry she walked over to the floor-to-ceiling mirror that ran from one end of the bathroom to the other. She examined herself trying to see if anything had changed in her appearance since she last had looked. Nothing was different she still had a slender form and small tits. How she hated them and after seeing the magazine in Harry's room she felt very inadequate.

She had always taken pride in the appearance of her body before, loving the fact she had tight abs and slim smooth legs. She knew how much her appearance affected the boys at Hogwarts and loved every minute of it. Well she had loved it, but now she looked past the things that made her one of the sexiest girls at school and saw her true self looking back. What she saw frightened her.

Shaking her head she headed back into her room to find some clothes to wear. Since she was tasked to look after Harry all day she opted for just a shirt and some baggy shorts, nothing fancy. Not wanting to even look at the clothes she used to wear to impress Draco. Once she was finished she decided to grab a bite to eat before coming back to see Harry.

On her way back from eating breakfast she stopped by her parents room with the hope of grabbing a few Anti-hangover potions. But the door to their room barred her access. She tried a few unlocking spells she knew but it would not open. Great they locked her out, what did they think she was going to do, rob them blind. This just reaffirmed her belief that her family did not trust or like her. Feeling the dark shadow of depression coming back she tried to ward it off by swiftly walking up the stairs to see Harry.

Seeing him staring blankly up at the ceiling only helped to increase the sadness inside her. What was she going to do. Walking over to Harry she sat next to him on the bed not noticing that Harry's spirit suddenly rose upon seeing her. Harry had always been so good to her, he had helped her when she was finding it difficult to fit in at Hogwarts and at home. Now he was this vegetable state because of her, how would he react if he ever got better. Would he still love her like she did him or would he too abandon her. She would not blame him if he wanted nothing to do with her ever again.

She felt a pang of grief at this, what would she do if he too turned his back on her. She would truly have no one. Latching onto the hope that if she helped him to recover that he might one day forgive her, she cradled his head. Softly patting his hair as she lost herself to her thoughts about how she could help Harry.

Meanwhile Harry a prisoner in his own mind and body watched on as the sister he never knew sat sadly cradling his head. He had heard the conversation that Dumbledore had had with his parents after he was found about Kaitlyn's role in his capture. And seeing her looking at him now he knew that she felt guilty for it. He could relate with what she was going through, after all he had lead Sirius to the Ministry. Only His mistake had gotten Sirius killed and a war that would end up killing billions started.

He wanted nothing more than to throw out the daemon that fought him. To finally meet his parents and his sister. But his struggle had come to a standstill since he had been brought here if anything the dark thing had grown slightly stronger. Harry wondered what he would do if her ever escaped this prison. He had never know love he

had never got the chance. He did not know the love of family or the love of a woman.

By the time the war had started he was pretty much alone. The only friends he had ever known had abandoned him when he had finally reviled the prophesy. And when Dumbledore had died those that still stood with Harry had been dwindled down to a mere handful. Lupin, Tonks, Moody and surprisingly enough Fletcher had been the only ones to stand with him.

Harry's thoughts were interrupted when Kaitlyn started whispering to him "I'm so sorry Harry I didn't know what Draco had planned and I'm-I'm". Here she had started to tear up her face filling with sorrow "Please don't hate me .. I never meant for this". Seeing no reaction from him she added "I-I ... how can I help you Harry ... I .. we ... need you back".

It tore at his heart he desperately wanted to comfort her, tell her he was ok. But he could do nothing and he became sad as he could see her struggling with her tears. Maybe that was what love was he thought, giving comfort to him when he realised how his family felt about him.

After a few hours Both of them had fallen asleep. Kaitlyn had cried herself to sleep hugging Harry, resting her head on his chest. It was almost torture for him knowing his sister was crying for him and not being able to hug her back. It was maddening the feeling of his sister hugging him was very confusing to Harry. It filled him with a sense of warmth, he felt protected in her arms. But he also felt something else something strange. Had his past life damaged him, could he live a happy life now after what had happened.

When she had finally fallen to sleep Harry decided to see if he could for once and for all throw the dark dragon out of his mind. But he was surprised to find that the dragon had actually grown. He also learnt that the saying Don't tickle a sleeping dragon, was, in this case very wise. Especial as moments later he too fell unconscious.

Strange it really is

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When she had finally fallen to sleep Harry decided to see if he could, for once and for all throw the dark dragon out of his mind. But he was surprised to find that the dragon had actually grown. He also learnt that the saying Don't tickle a sleeping dragon, was, in this case very wise. Especial as moments later he too fell unconsciousness.

When Harry had awoken again he noticed by the darkness in the room that it must be night time. He instinctively went to raise his wand to see what time it was, but he was not able to. Of course I can't he thought bitterly. His nose was apparently still working tho as he took in the scent of Rosemary and instantly thought of Kaitlyn. What was she doing, where were his parents, were they all asleep now. Great I wake up in the middle of the night so I can be bored to death in this stupid prison of a body.

As he lay there not that he had any choice to do otherwise, he started to think about what he would do if he managed to reclaim control of his body. The first thing he would do after doing a victory jig would be to yell his fucking head off. He started thinking about what his first words to his parents would be. Would he tell them the truth, 'Hi I'm Harry but my mind is from a different world joining this Harry after Bellatrix Tortured and then killed your son leaving him a sickened husk, can I have some tea'. Yeah I'm sure that would be received well. The more he thought about it the more he wanted not to tell them. Sure they deserved to know the truth but would they look at him differently?

Of course they would look at him differently and that was one thing he did not think he could handle. He had gone through his whole life with people staring at him and treating him different. Now that he finally had the chance for a Family he just wanted to have a normal life with them.

He was Drawn out of his thoughts when a ray of light ran across the ceiling. Someone must have opened the door he thought. But from his prone position on his bed he could not see who it was. The sweet

smell of rosemary alerted him of who it was before he saw her. His heart leapt in his chest Kaitlyn was going to keep him company. Maybe he would not die of boredom after all. Even tho it was torture for him not to be able to talk to her at least he had something to help distract him.

As she walked closer to the bed he could see that she must have been drinking with the way she staggered into the room. He saw her tearstained face and a bottle of firewhiskey in her hand as she climbed onto the bed next to him. So she had been drinking and apparently still was.

"Harry your awake" she slurred in her slightly drunken state. He felt the black presence stir when she had spoken. It flooded him with a feeling of lust and before he could stop it, it rose up and took complete control of his mind. No he screamed silently as he saw what it was going to try to do. It had replaced its feeling's for Bella with feelings for Kaitlyn. Feeling that Harry as her brother should never feel.

As Harry tried to fight the black thing he felt a hand rise up and touch his sisters face running a line down where her tears had fallen. She blinked as she saw him move and asked happily "Harry your back?". When he did not say anything she quickly repositioned herself so that she could look into his eyes. She saw that they were no longer blank, They held emotion in them but it was not what she expected to see. His eyes were full of lust, she knew that look well from her time with Draco and his band of sexist Slytherin's.

She froze, She expected to see confusion or anger in his eyes not lust. "Harry ar-" She had started to whisper if he was ok when his head had risen to meet hers. But what had interrupted her had been his lips covering hers in a passionate kiss. She was completely taken off guard as warmth started to spread through her lips. She felt a warm feeling start to rise in her stomach just before she regained her senses and pulled away from him.

"H-Harry what T-The Hell w-was" But again before she could finish talking Harry had grabbed her and pulled her back into another kiss. What the hell was going on she thought as she once again pulled

away from him ignoring the tingly feeling that had risen in her. She pulled back and this time she got off the bed and stepped away.

Harry was horrified in his mind, and not in small part to the fact that this was meant to be his sister. He was also horrified because part of him had enjoyed it. He had not kissed anyone since Cho in his Fifth year, but he never felt like this when he kissed her. He knew he must be sick to feel good about this so he blamed the black presence and doubled his efforts in trying to make it stop. He felt his body start to form words and thought for sure nothing good could come from this. "Please I-I need you" Came the words out of Harry's mouth.

Kaitlyn was flustered what was he talking about surely he didn't mean. And then it hit her he must still be messed up from Bellatrix's torture. She had Heard Draco Laughing with his 'friends' one day when

he thought she wasn't listening about a Muggle woman his father had told him about falling in love with a Death eater who was torturing her. She had put it down to being ridiculous until she had seen the newspaper article that was written after the Aurors had found her. Then what he had said in the hospital came back to her and it all made sense. He had believed he was in love with his capture and he still thought she was Bellatrix.

"Harry I'm not Bella" she said as she sat back on the bed and stared to stroke his hair. Then he said something that broke her heart. "I love you" He whispered to her passion strong in his voice. She had started to sob as she watched Harry looking so weak and believing he was in love with Bellatrix. "Harry Bella is not here it's me Kai-" She had started to say when he cut her off when he whispered "Kaitlyn".

"Yes Harry it's me, Bellatrix is gone she can't hurt you anymore". Happiness rose in her and she wondered if he finally got it. But after a few minutes of silence she wondered if he was still awake and aware. Leaning forward to see if she could see any emotion in his eyes she was once again trapped to his mouth. Again the warm blissful feeling rose up within her as he deepened the kiss, his tongue trying to gain entrance into her mouth. It was an overpowering feeling that promised her the world if only she let it. Falling deeper into the



sensations her mind started getting fussy and her body had responded to him by kissing him back.

Harry was going crazy in his mind, he was kissing his sister and now she was kissing him back, What the fuck. He was starting to grow weary from trying to fight the dark thing in a battle that he knew he was losing. He knew if he did not stop his attack on the thing now he would have nothing to keep it from tearing down his mental wall and killing him.

As he stopped the attack the feelings that his body was going through hit him in waves. He lost himself to those feelings and his defences started getting stronger. He realised that by embracing the emotions he was slowly getting stronger.

Kaitlyn feel like she could fly, never had she felt this good. She had kissed Draco Loads of times even gone further and never had she felt anywhere near as good as she did kissing Harry. She felt secure, She felt something she had unknowingly needed for the last few years, She felt loved. Wait she was kissing Harry, O' my god she thought I'm kissing my brother. Abruptly she broke of the kiss and as she did she saw Harry's eyes cloud over, collapsing back onto the bed as he went back to his vegetable state.

She felt her body buzzing sending warm shivers down her spine as she panted. What had happened one minute she had been sitting their trying to comfort him. And the next he was kissing her and she was kissing him back. She had kissed him back, what was she thinking. And a small voice in the back of her head whispered because it felt so good. And it had, it was truly the best feeling she had every had and just thinking about it made her want it again. This is your brother she screamed at herself in her head.

Looking back down at Harry she saw that his eyes were closed. She had thought that he had mistaken her for Bellatrix but he had said her name, he knew who she was. But if he truly knew who she was why did he kiss her. Maybe he is completely crazy she thought and it was all her fault. Again the shadow of despair descended upon her and so she got up from Harry's bed and fled to her own hoping to hide from it.

Part of her wanting to forget this night had ever happened but part of her never wanting to forget.

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The next morning when Kaitlyn woke up she was strangely happy. She was out of bed and halfway to the bathroom before the events of last night came back to her. She had sat up half the night trying to make sense of it all. She was totally and utterly confused. She got to the stage where she only knew two things. The first was that she had loved every minute of it and was totally addicted to the feeling, it was unlike anything she had ever felt before. The Second was that what happened was wrong. Every time she thought back to that feeling when she had kissed Harry it filled her with warmth. It was as if the wool from her eyes was finally lifted and she could now see. It pained her to think that she would never know that feeling ever again. She had argued with herself and come to the conclusion that no matter what it could not happen again.

When she finished her Bath She defiantly felt better that she had in awhile. And happily walked down for breakfast. Finding her dad finishing his morning coffee, when he saw her he frowned "Today I don't want you falling asleep again. Harry completely missed his lunch because of you". Wow she thought what a greeting "No I'm Sorry" she started to say before being cut off. "I don't want excuses. your mother and I are out working to support you the least you could do is remember to look after Harry. After all its partly your fault that he's in his condition" He paused before saying ."If you can't manage to look after him we'll have to find someone who will" The last he snarled at her before getting up and walking out the door.

Completely shattered by what her dad had said she bolted up the stairs crying. And without meaning to she found herself in Harry's room. She walked over to his bed and lay next to his sleeping form. She hugged him in till she got control of her emotions again. Her earlier happiness had been shattered with those hash words from her dad. She was alone her parents hated her, she had no friends and her boyfriend Draco had used her to get to her Brother.

Thinking of her Brother brought up the same emotions she wanted to forget. She looked up into his sleeping face and she felt warmth flicker in her heart. She still had Harry, He still loved her he had confirmed it last night. But deep down she knew it wasn't him that kissed her. If he were to wake up now after last night's episode he too would hate her. It was something she could not handle. She could not lose him too if she did she would have no one. Nothing to stop her from drinking the poison that beckoned to her.

She lay with him hugging him tightly against the pain she felt inside until lunch time. When she got up and went down stairs to warm up his health shake. Halfway through warming up the vile looking lunch she was interrupted by a floor call. Her dad's head was sitting among the newly ignited embers. "So you've decided to help have you" he asked snidely. Saddened by his tone she replied "Yes ... I". He said one word before disappearing cutting her off "good".

Kaitlyn felt herself start to tear up as she pulled Harry's food off the burner. Her father had once again cut her to the bone with his comments. Putting the contents into a bowl and picking up a spoon she quickly raced back up to Harry's room suddenly feeling like she needed his company.

After she had finished feeding Harry she put the bowl aside and turned back to face him. His eyes were clouded still she thought disappointed. Even tho she had sworn to herself that she would not let last night happen again she found it hard to think of anything else. Sighing she got up and took his bowl downstairs not trusting herself to be in the same room as Harry and not have a repeat of last night.

When she had gotten to the kitchen she started to clean the bowls and plate's up. She was almost finished when Lily walked in the door. "How's Harry" she asked as she put what looked like Chinese food on the table. She didn't know why but she didn't mention how he spoke to her last night and only said "Sleeping again". "O" Lily said slightly deflating.

As soon as Kaitlyn had finished the dishes she went up to her room telling her mum that she probably wouldn't be down for dinner. When she got to her room she locked the door with the strongest locking

charm she knew and started on the half empty bottle of firewhiskey that was leftover from the night before. Losing herself to the comforting feeling she drank the rest of the bottle in a very short time and soon passed out on the small couch at the end of her bed.

The rest of the week passed in much the same way for everyone at Potter manor. James and Lily were very busy at work. James had been put in charge of trying to capture Bellatrix and he had thrown himself into the task. Sometimes he came home late and sometimes not at all. Lily had been swamped at work too as her small department was spread thin to help with spell reversal.

Kaitlyn had continued to help Harry all the while tortuously avoiding acting on any feelings she had for him. But it was starting to take its toll on her, Drinking herself numb at night and fighting her feelings through the day. She was depressed, if it had not been for the promise she had made about looking after Harry until he was better she would have killed herself already. If only to escape the life that had nothing left in it.

It was a Late Monday night and Lily had Long since gone to bed when Kaitlyn snuck down stairs to see if she could snatch another bottle of firewhiskey. But when she had opened the cupboard that usually was full of the glorious stuff all she found nothing. Her heart reached, she wanted to scream. Why was there nothing there? Desperate to be lost in the lovely liquid she threw herself into the search for where another bottle could be hidden.

An hour later and she threw herself hard on her bed, grimacing when she landed on her arm. Not one drop in the whole house, she was going mad. She had searched to whole house except Harry's room and her parents room which still refused to let her in. There was nothing for it she either risked going into Harry's room or she went without. But if she did search Harry's room and found nothing in it she would be face to face with the reason she wanted to drown herself with alcohol in the first place.

Getting up she walked through the bathroom and into Harry's room. Her eyes were instantly drawn to Harry and before she could stop herself she ran the rest of the way to him and jump onto the bed next

to him. Seeing him staring up at her she gave into the feeling which had been trying to overwhelm her all week. Leaning down she marvelled at how good he looked, bathed in the moonlight that shown threw his window he looked like an angel to her.

Harry had spent all week biding his time never attacking the presence in his mind, only building up his strength. He also spent a lot of time thinking of Kaitlyn and feeling very confused. He had never felt like he did about anyone like he did about Kaitlyn. He knew it wasn't love and he didn't know her so it wasn't because she was his sister. It was a feeling he could not make sense of.

The thing that puzzled him more was that fact that the more he thought about her trying to understand her the stronger he got. He was just thinking about her when he smelt the slight scent of rosemary again. Kaitlyn was here he knew, even if he was not in a position to be able to see her. Then she emerged from the edge of his vision and sat next to him. She was staring into his eyes again and he suddenly knew why she had come to see him.

Lowering her head she slowly started kissing his cheek not saying a word to him. She knew she could not stop herself now and truthfully she did not want to. She started to kiss his lips and groaned as his mouth opened to accommodate her. Harry was not sure if it had been 'his other' or him that had opened into the kiss, and it shocked him.

Kaitlyn leaned into the kiss more and passionately deepened her kiss, pushing all her pent up desire into it. Her want to be accepted, and her need to be loved made her desperate for this feeling. Her mind started getting fussy as and she lost herself in her new found bliss.

Harry was disgusted with himself at first but then remember how much stronger he became the last time she had kissed him and he to let the feeling of his body wash over him. Besides he thought he had seen Ginny kiss Ron goodnight once so surely it wasn't too bad. "No" he screamed to himself she did not kiss him like this.

A bout half an hour later and Harry was still being kissed by Kaitlyn but her pace had slowed and she would stop every once in awhile to gaze lovingly into his eyes. Harry had used the situation to his

advantage and was planning his escape while the 'black dragon' was occupied. All he needed was for a skilled Legimens to help him and he was sure he could expel the dark thing from his mind once and for all. His first stage of his plan was underway, he had not used all of last week strengthening his defences but he also spent it studding his adversary.

He found that if he concentrated he should be able to wrestle full control for a few seconds and hoped he could get a message to have Dumbledore come and help him. He knew he would be the only person strong enough to help him out of his predicament. He also knew that if he did not act soon he would never be able to eject the presence.

The perfect moment came when Kaitlyn had pulled back to gaze into his eyes again. He felt the 'dark thing' shift when she broke contact with his mouth and he took his chance. Aiming for his nerve centre he quickly took control striking so quickly that his 'other' could not react to prevent him.

Knowing he had full control he panted "Kaitlyn ..Get Dumbledore .... Legimens me ... Bring ... Pensive ... very .. important". She almost died when she heard him speak, looking at him confused. Was it another one of his ramblings? Harry knew he had only seconds left and realised that he had to convey the importance of the situation. "go now ... YOU owe me" and to emphasise his point he grabbed her shoulders with both hands and shook her. He then collapsed back losing control and was forcefully attacked but his 'other'. He knew it was a low blow telling her that she owe him but he knew it would get her to act, well he hoped she would.

Kaitlyn was shocked, 'get Dumledore' and 'you owe me' repeated itself in her head. Looking back down at harry she saw what could only be described as an internal battle behind her eyes. Knowing that it must be important she rushed down the stairs to the floo. Not caring if it was too late at night she firecalled the headmasters office.

It took a minute of screaming his name for a sleepy Dumbledore to walk out of his adjoining room. Clad in what had to be the most peculiar bed robes Kaitlyn had ever seen. When he saw her his eyes

started to twinkle "ahh miss Potter what can I do for you at this late hour". wasting no time she said "Harry told me to get you, said it was important". Dumbledore looked at her with a small bit of happiness "So young Harry is better now?" he asked.

"No he's not ... well he .. he said to get you and .. something about legimens .. or something". She replied quickly casting her mind back knowing she had forgotten something important. After she had said legimens Dumbledore felt his eyebrows raise what was going on. Watching the youngest Potter looking lost he decided to see what she was going on about looking for the memory of what happened.

Luckily for both Him and Kaitlyn he picked up the memory only from when Harry had started speaking. He watched as Harry struggled to convey his message to his sister, He looked as if he was under a attack from a legimens the way his eyes moved. After watching the strange scene Dumbledore decide that he would grant Harry's request and grabbing a spare pensive he told Kaitlyn to step away from the fire and stepped through.

When both Dumbledore and Kaitlyn walked into Harry's bedroom that first thing the saw was that Harry was again laying on his back staring blankly at the ceiling. Dumbledore stepped close to the bed and gazed into Harry's eyes. Harry had wanted him to use legimency on him, so pushing forward with his mind Dumbledore obliged him.

What he saw shocked him Before him stretched the most vivid mindscape he had ever seen surpassing even his own. Hogwarts castle stood before him in all its splendor and the detail of it all amazed the old wizard. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the largest black dragon he had seen fly towards the castle smashing into the stone outer wall.

What was going on Dumbledore wondered if he was not mistaken Harry's mind was under attack. Without further thought he strode up to the front door and seeing it open for him he walked through. Standing just inside the doors was Harry looking extremely weak but a smile came to his face when he saw Dumbledore. "Thank you for coming Professor" Harry greeted the older wizard.

"It's good to see you Mr Potter and I must say this mindscape is very impressive, you have outdone yourself again. How long have you been practicing occlumency?" Dumbledore enquired eyes twinkling like mad. "I've been studying the art since fourth year Sir" Harry lied smoothly knowing that this worlds Harry was seen as gifted enough to have attempted it at that age. "But that is not the most pressing matter at the moment" Harry Said.

"Ahh yes that large black dragon I saw moments ago, care to explain" Dumbledore enquired of Harry. "Yes" said Harry, How would he explain it, god he felt like he was back at school . "Well Sir during my ... ah .. stay with Bella a situation arose where I could find only one refuge" here he paused and taped his head with his finger. "I retreated to a place where she could not hurt me .. as much and shortly after I was trapped here with that thing. As Kaitlyn no doubt told you I need a bit of help".

Harry outlined his plan to corner the black beast and when he had full control of his body he would expel the monstrosity into the pensieve as one would with a common memory. The hardest part of his plan would be stoping Dumbledore from taking the pensieve home afterwards to study. Harry had to stop him so he would not discover the identity of that thing, the other Harry.

After explaining the plan, which Dumbledore approved , they split up to goad it into attack one of them and then the other would attack from the side. Harry had walked straight down towards Hagrid's hut and moments late he was attacked by the beast. It descended on him like a hawk on a mouse and looked like it was going to rip him to shreds. He sensed its approach and turning around he sent the most powerful emotion filled thoughts he could at the creature as if he was throwing curses from a wand. Watching the creature get pushed back slightly he knew it was not enough.

Moments later Dumbledore add his mind magic to the battle and severely battered the Dragon. It cowered away from the older and more powerful wizard. Making one last ditch attach at Harry but only succeeding in crashing to the ground as it was knocked aside by Dumbledore.



By this time Harry had regain Full use of his mind and grabbing his wand from the bed side table he summoned the rest of his strength and pull the vile presence from his mind. He ejected it from him and slammed it down into the Pensive. The pensive normal cloudlike surface instantly turned an inky black and shifted shapelessly as it tried to escape its new prison.

Grinning from his succuss Harry quickly muttered a spell which bound the Pensive to him so only he could touch it. collapsing back on his bed he felt sleep start to overcome him but not before he got one last look at his sister standing confused at the end of his bed.

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An hour later Kaitlyn was sitting next to a sleeping Harry on his bed, meanwhile Lily and James where sitting on conjured chairs talking excitedly about the news Dumbledore had given them. Dumbledore had told them what had occurred to trap Harry in his mind and how with his help Harry had finally dispelled the thing. Dumbledore had left telling them that he needed some sleep before the Wizengamot meeting tomorrow, but he said he would be back to talk to Harry sometime during the week.

Lily and James were discussing what they thought the black mass in the pensive was. The ideas they came up with ranged from a torture spell to a strange side effect gained from Harry's ordeal at the hands of Bellatrix.

Kaitlyn how every was lost totally different thoughts, ones concerning how harry would react when he saw her. And if he was angry at her for getting him tortured and almost killed what would his reaction be now after his own sister had kissed him so passionately. Kaitlyn was both loving and dreading the fact that any minute Harry could wake from his slumber.

What would her parents do when harry told them about what she had done, would they kick her out, would she have to sleep on the street. Slowly feeling depression again start to take hold she felt Harry's hand move in hers. Looking down at Harry she flinched her hand

back when she saw he was Awake. "Harry" she whispered fearing the response he would give her.

Harry turned his head and looked at his sister for the first time since, well forever. He was stunned at how hot she looked, Sitting in a dress that was defiantly not flattering and she still looked gorgeous in it. The first thing he noticed was that her eyes were the same shade as his but they seemed bigger, they were surrounded by a velvet Curtin of long black eyelashes. Set in one of the most perfect faces he had ever seen, the whole effect made her look cute almost innocent with a hint of playfulness to her.

He had to shake his head before he started to evaluate how good the rest of her looked as that would be getting into very unbrotherly territory. Gulping Harry couldn't help the feeling of nervousness that rose in him as he looked at his sister and the blush that he knew must be obvious on his face did not help.

Seconds later he was torn away from his embarrassment at blushing at his sister when he was jumped on by a very happy Lily and James. "Harry" James yelled "It's good to have you back" while Lily started hugging him and putting small kisses on his fore head. "O Harry thank god" lily cried tears of joy streaming down her face.

Not knowing what to say Harry just grinned as the family he never had fawned over him. Gathering up some courage he said "I love you guys". This only served to increase the strength of Lily's hug. It was five whole minutes later before Harry could truly breath again. Lily was ecstatic, Her son was ok and he was laughing again. It was like a dream come true, the best she could have hoped for. James could not stop smiling and bouncing around the room.

Kaitlyn meanwhile had been pushed to the side when her parents started fawning over Harry. She felt depressed standing there forgotten, knowing that her family were happy with each other's company. Not wanting to interrupt their joy filled moment she spared Harry one last look. Seeing him contently looking at his parents she left the room through the bathroom door.

Hours later and Harry was starting to get tired, he had been talking to his parents. It was the best feeling he had had in years. It was only small talk he knew, nothing important was discussed and they avoided talking about the incident. But it filled him with happiness. Before going to sleep his mum told him that her and his father would stay home tomorrow so they could talk then. He smiled at them in utter joy and replied that he would enjoy eating breakfast with them as a 'family'. He then fell into a deep sleep, one that was devoid of dreams and dragons for the first time since the war had started in his world.

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The next morning Harry awoke with a mop of red hair filling his vision and the scent of lavender filling his nose. Sighing contently he remember what had happened last night, he had talked to his parents, he could not explain how good that felt. He also rid himself of his claustrophobic prison and as he thought back on this fact he was reminded of how he had been able to regain his strength. It had been his sister who had helped him, but in a very unconventional way.

He did not know what to make of her actions last night. He knew that technically he had kissed her first, but then she had returned last night and kissed him. It was not just that she had kissed him, it was the why she had done it. It was a kiss that was filled with so much passion, so much longing and Harry thought but was not totally sure, love as well.

Was it because she felt guilty about getting hARRY hurt or was it more than that. Was it because he had kissed her first, did she think that's what he wanted. Did she think she owed him, and went along with it because of that. He knew he would have to talk to her later about it but he was very nervous with the whole situation. He just hoped he could talk to her before she told their parents about the incident.

Breaking out of his thoughts he felt his mum start to stir, she turned her head, that was at rest on his chest upward. Meeting his eyes Harry could see an identical pair of eyes looking back at him. When she saw he was awake her face split into a large smile. "Good morning son, sleep well" she asked Harry. Staring back at the

beautiful redhead he said "I've never slept better in my whole life". Adne it was true he had felt like he could run a marathon after the sleep he had, not one ounce of drowsiness remained.

After cuddling with her son for a few minutes Lily got up and told him she was going to make a start on cooking. Before she left the room she woke James up and told him to follow her so Harry could change. When they were out the door Harry got up throwing his legs over the side of his bed. Scouting around the room he noticed a door off to the side of the room that he decide must be where his clothes were kept.

Walking over to it and opening the door he saw that it was not just a simple cupboard but a full size walk in robe. For some reason he felt a strange hint of jealousy, why couldn't he have grown up in there instead of the minuet cupboard at the Dursley's. He started laughing at how ridicules that thought was, he had his own room now, why would he want to live in there.

He Glanced quickly over his range of clothing some wizard some Muggle and decided on just a tee-shirt and an old pair of pants. walking to the other door in his room, the one he only ever seen his sister come from he opened it slowly. cautiously looking just in case it was Kaitlyn's room and not the bathroom like he suspected.

When he saw that it was indeed the bathroom he opened the door fully taking in the sight of the large room. He was taken aback by how much it looked like the Prefect's bathroom at Hogwarts. Wow he thought his very own Prefect's bathroom, it was great, the bath looked like it was big enough to swim laps in. looking around he noticed that near the other door, a full length mirror sat and in it was a very different sight than he was used to.

Walking over to it his first impression as he studied himself was how healthy he looked. He was taller than he had ever been and gone was the skeletal body he once had. He looked a lot fitter too, tensing his bicep muscle towards the mirror also show him that he had a lot more muscle than he had ever had too. It seemed that if you grew up eating regular meals and were not thrown into a cupboard everyday had changed a lot.

Harry marvelled at how good he looked, no wonder this Harry had a lot more luck with girls than he did, even with his fame. Turning around he turned the nearest tap on and ran his bath while he stripped off his hospital style clothes. He again marvelled at how much better this body was compared to his own. He had powerful leg muscles and abs, he actually had abs, how cool was that he thought. overall he was a leaner stronger version of what he had been, he was no body builder far from it but he was certainly a lot better looking.

Stepping into the warm water he sighed as it surrounded his body loosing aches in his muscle and his mind that he had not known existed. It had been years since he had had a proper bath or shower for that matter. When he had been on the run with the resistance bath time consisted of standing naked with one of the other members pouring water over his head. The first time he had seen a woman naked was when he had poured water over a soaped up Tonks. That was the limit of his experience with the fairer sex tho and shortly after that Tonks had been killed. Moaning again Harry sunk into the water a little deeper and lost himself to the pleasure filled felling. It would be half hour later that he would finally force himself out of the bath and get dressed, promising himself that he would have a longer bath that night.

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When Harry finally found his way into the kitchen he realised how hungry he was as a strong smell of eggs and bacon hit him. His stomach growled alerting his parents that he was finished changing. "O Harry what took you so long, I was just about to send James up to get you" Lily said a concerned look on her face. "um sorry .. mum I had a bath and lost track of the time" Harry told his mum while pulling the bottom of his shirt down so it would cover his torso better. He must have had a growth spurt during the last year if his shirt was anything to go by.

Seeing this Lily told him that she would take him shopping for clothes on Saturday since he had grown since she had last saw him. "My boy all grown up" she continued as she put a plate full of steaming hot food in front of an empty chair. Seeing him still standing at the

entrance of the kitchen she gestured him to take the seat and start eating.

"James, breakfast's ready". Lily yelled out surprising Harry with how loud a voice she had. Harry hungrily attacked his food noting that he had never tasted anything better in his life. He supposed living on tinned food that was past its use by date for a few years had made him better appreciate 'real' food.

Moments later James bounded into the kitchen with an issue of the daily prophet. He sat down as he greeted Harry as the boy piled toast into an already full mouth "Bit hungry Son". All Harry could do was nod his answer as he chewed. "He a growing boy James, In fact I think he might be taller than you now" Lily said to her husband as she gave him a plate chocked with food.

"Really" James said as he too started to feed his face with the same vigour as Harry did. "Yep I'm going to take him shopping on Saturday for some new clothes, if that's ok with you" She asked and James just nodded his agreement .

Harry meanwhile was getting excited at the idea of shopping with his mother. Any other time he would be fearing the need to go shopping for clothes but it would be a great chance to bond with his mother. He wanted desperately to bond with his family and get to know them.

Breakfast slowly turned into a race between Harry and his father, to see who could eat the most. When they had finished Lily told Harry they were going to give him a tour of the house and gardens. Harry joyfully jumped at the chance and spent the next few hours discovering the beautiful place that was Potter manor. When the tour had finished he spent the rest of the day just laughing and joking with his family. Not once was his capture even hinted at, that discussion would wait for Dumbledore he was sure.

More ache for you head

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Breakfast slowly turned into a race between Harry and his father, to see who could eat the most. When they had finished Lily told Harry they were going to give him a tour of the house and gardens. Harry joyfully jumped at the chance and spent the next few hours discovering the beautiful place that was Potter manor. When the tour had finished he spent the rest of the day just laughing and joking with his family. Not once was his capture even hinted at, that discussion would wait for Dumbledore he was sure.

Two days later and Harry was just finishing breakfast with his parents when a loud bang sounded from the front of the house. Grabbing his wand quickly he stood up and took a position in the far corner of the room to cover both doors. His parents sat still looking at him with strange looks on their faces. "It's ok Harry it just Sirius, he always likes to do that remember" James Said watching Harry.

Shaking his head he was about to sit down when Sirius ran into the room sliding to a halt not far from Harry. "Harry" He greeted happily before he saw that the boy had his wand raised to his face. "umm .. I didn't take your magazine Kaitlyn did I swear" he pleaded. Harry was stunned, Finally it hit him. He was truly in a wonderful world, Sirius was alive. It was something that he had dreamed about for years and here he was in the flesh.

"Harry put your wand down its only Sirius" Lily said soothly looking at Harry cautiously as if he was about to explode. Jerking him out of his thoughts Harry lowered his wand and slipped it into his pocket. Living on the run for so long had instilled reactions that would not be healthy in a family environment. He had almost shot first and asked questions later, as Moody had taught him.

"Sorry Sirius, You just scared me" Harry Said to his godfather. "Yeah same here" Sirius remarked as he walked the remaining distance to grab harrY in a hug. Harry could feel the tension in the room from his strange actions and decided to see if he could lighten the mood. "I thought you like girls Sirius" Harry teased. Sirius jumped backward as

if Harry had burnt him and blushed "Harry ... I". Harry waved his hand at him as both his parents laughed at the scene "I'm flattered Sirius really but I don't swing that way".

Hoping that he had done enough to lessen the tension in the room Harry resumed his seat and began eating again. He had been surprised with his appetite at first but he figured that with the extra weight he had now it must require more food to sustain himself.

After some small talk with his Parents and the newly arrived Sirius, His father had turned to him looking very uncomfortable. "Harry I've been put in charge of capturing Bellatrix, so I'll need to ask you a few questions tonight about what happened. Umm ... If you feel up to it that is" James asked.

"James I don't think this is the time for this". Lily Said

Harry just smiled at his father as he replied "Of course Dad". And turning to his mother he grabbed her hand as he said "Don't worry about me, It would take more than what she did to me to really hurt me". Lily's eyes started to glisten as she stood up and grabbed her son in a hug. Harry felt a warm feeling start to rise up in him again and not for the first time since he had been here.

"Well if your sure, we'll talk when I get home tonight Harry" James said as he to stood up and walk to where Harry and Lily were. Joining the hug before untangling himself and bidding them goodbye. Sirius too said his farewells and followed his friend talking animatedly about how they could prank the minister again.

Harry herd his mother sigh as she released him and said "I'd love to stay home with you again today Harry but work is a bit flat out at the moment and I don't think I could really take any more time off ". Harry turned to her and smiled while saying "Don't worry about me Mum I'll be fine, besides if I get bored I can always talk to Kaitlyn. I haven seen her since school". He was about to say since before he was tortured but decide it would not prove his point to well about being better.



"Harry I'm not sure anyone's told you yet but Kaitlyn was involved in .. well .. the thing" Lily said sadly struggling not to say anything that would bring up the incident. Harry shook his hands in a gesture letting his mum know it didn't matter "I know what happened Mum, I herd Dumbledore talking to you guys about it in the hospital wing. I know she didn't mean it.

"But Harry she .." Lily began before being interrupted by Harry. "She was manipulated by Malfoy Mum and the only thing she is to blame for is trusting that git". Harry said strongly knowing from what little time he had spent with his parents that their relationship was very strained with their daughter. His mother looked at him strangely before giving him a goodbye hug and crossing to the Floo. "I'll see you when I get home tonight Harry, I'll bring home your favourite for diner" She called just before stepping into the green flames and vanishing.

Harry felt his heart drop as he watched his mother disappear. Sitting back down he wondered what his favourite food was, pizza perhaps or maybe fish and chips. Well it might be his favourite in his family's eyes but it would be a surprise for him.

Thinking over the past few day he had spent with his family made Harry happy. He had been able to ease into his role as their son even though he sometimes felt like an imposter. Whenever something came up in conversation that he should know, he could hide behind the guise that his head was a bit jumbled from his ordeal. It seemed to make sense to his parents so they made it their duty to help inform him of the things he may have forgotten.

They mainly just sat around telling him about events that had happened in the past, like Christmas's, pranks and anything to highlight to him how much they had missed him while he was 'away'. He had never felt happier, he had a family now. His mum he had come to find was gentle but very protective of him, While his Dad was almost always joking and laughing. Watching the two interact and Harry could tell that they were very much in love. The way they played around teasing and laughing with each other put him in mind of a young couple just got together, not an older married one.

thinking about his family made him remember Kaitlyn. He had not seen her since he had woken from his prison and he was starting to think she was avoiding him. She stayed locked in her room and did not come down for meals. Whenever he brought this fact up to his parents they would always look at him strangely and change the subject. He could tell that there was a bit of bad blood between his parents and his sister and it did not totally come from her role in his capture.

It puzzled him, why had she spent so much time with him when he was unresponsive but now he was awake she hadn't seen him. Was it because what happened between them the other night. She had come in and kissed him, did she feel guilty, embarrassed. Or was she disgusted with him for kissing her in the first place. Well at least he could discount the last one after all she had returned and kissed him after that.

From what he had seen when he was a prisoner of his own body it seemed his sister was very depressed. Her whole world had been turned around she had been manipulated by Draco someone she had apparently sided with against her family. And because she had chosen him over her family it seemed she had become disliked by them. Another thing that bothered him was the look in her eyes when she had pleaded with him to forgive her for what she had done to him. It was like he was her last hope, like she was clinging to him to save her.

He had wanted so much to comfort her then that it still tore at his heart now. No one should be made to feel that lonely when they still had a family. Knowing that there was nothing else for it Harry headed upstairs stopping in front of his sister's room. He paused summoning the will to knock on the door, knowing he would have to face the embarrassing issue of him kissing her. Don't be an idiot he said to himself, this is your sister it was all a miss understanding.

Knocking softly he waited for awhile before knocking again this time louder. Maybe she was still asleep he thought, no he had heard the bath filling before he went down for breakfast four hours ago. Still no response Harry opened the door almost expecting the door to be

locked. "Kaitlyn, can I come in" he called, Hearing no response he stepped into the room.

The first thing he noticed was the strong smell of sick wafting through the almost pitch dark. walking to the centre of the room Harry noticed his sister was lying on her bed, Her hair still damp from her bath. Walking towards her he saw that the pink silk night dress she had on was covered with vomit. When he reached her side he saw a empty bottle of Firewhiskey clutched tightly in her hands.

Taking in the sight Harry could not help but feel the pain and heartache in the air, it was a depressing sight. Taking the bottle away from her grip he put it on the bedside table before turning back. At the loss of her bottle his sister's eyes opened and looked at him slightly unfocused. "H-H-Harry" she murmured looking confused. Harry had had enough of seeing her like this so he pulled out his wand and was about to clean away the mess when he remember that he was underage here and his wand was still being tracked.

Quickly he thought back to the time Moody had showed him how to break the spell. it was so simple he had kicked himself for not thinking of it when he was told what to do. It was an intent based spell, all he had to do was focus on the fact that he was of age, whether it was true or not and focus that thought into his magic while he did a spell. This process would trick the tracking charm into thinking he had just turned seventeen and breaking. It was a genius piece of spell work, because when a witch or wizard reached the age of seventeen and tried their first spell they would unconsciously be thinking about how they were of age and now could do magic, hence breaking the charm.

Harry broke the Tracking charm by casting a silent cleaning charm on the vomit that covered his sister. Confident he did it right he looked down at his sister noticing her looking at him with a look of fear. "H-Harry I'm sorry ... please forgive me" she pleaded weakly glancing at his wand. Which Harry noticed was still had pointed at her, did she think he was here to attack her.

"Kaitlyn there's nothing to forgive, you were manipulated, I know that" he said in a calming voice. Noticing how groggy she looked he Cast an Accio, looking for a hangover potion she no doubt needed.

Seconds later a vial came flying out of a pack of about fifty sitting on Kaitlyn's desk. Looking at how many hangover potions she had defiantly told him that this was not a once off thing.

Grabbing the vial out of the air Harry bent down to give it to his sister when he noticed she was crying. It broke his heart seeing her like this. "Here Kaitlyn drink this for me" he said soothingly lowering it to her trembling lip. Surprisingly she did not hesitate but drank the vial straight away.

What if that had been poison he had given her, did she know nothing of constant vigilance. But growing up in a world free of mad men trying to kill you at every turn seemed to instill a lot of trust in people. He supposed it was because he was family that she drank it without testing it. Harry found the notion a bit strange, but then again coming from the boy who tested everything he ate or drank he would be the one that was strange. He still only ate this that Lily gave him after he had tested them.

A few moments after she had drunk the potion he could see it had already removed the toxins from her blood stream and she was coming back from the painful existence she had just been in. Harry took this time to wave his wand at the curtains, opening them so that light shone through to illuminate and warm the room. When he had finished he noticed his sister was sitting up in her bed staring at him.

Not knowing what to say Harry just said the first thing that came to his head "umm Hello". The greeting sounded like he should be shaking her hand or something, she was not a stranger for god sake. "How are you feeling ... Kaitlyn" Harry said starting to get slightly embarrassed with her staring.

"You're not .. Angry with me" She asked looking at him with a hopeful expression. "Angry with you, Why would I be angry with you. I know what that swine Malfoy did to you, I don't blame you for that". He said smiling at her in an attempt to convey his feelings.

"Really but I ...I" she said before being cut off by Harry. "I know what happened and I don't blame you, so please don't blame yourself"

Harry finished his sentence by sitting down next to her and grabbing her hands in his.

"But you should hate me, she ... she tortured you" she chocked out.

"Don't be silly Kaitlyn, she would have got me with or without your help. Besides how could I be angry with you your my only sister". Harry Said while messing up her hair.

Laughing softly Harry was reminded of just how beautiful his sister was, even now with messed up hair and tearstained eyes she still looked like a goddess. Thinking about this brought up a blush to his face one that he was sure she had seen.

When she saw her brother blush Kaitlyn was reminded about what had happened the other night right before he had sent her to get Dumbledore. Thinking of that moment brought up feelings she had tried to repress for the last few days. Her face fell and she whispered "What about the other night .. before you woke up ... I ...I". Harry could not help feel miserable as well as embarrassed when she started stumbling over her words. Interrupting her he said "I know what happened".

"I'm sorry Harry I don't know why I did it ...I .. Can't explain it ... I .. just" She lowered her head and started crying cutting herself off. Harry reached forward and turned her face upward to face his he hated to see her cry. "Please don't cry" and now it was his time to stutter "I ... Kissed you first ... remember".

They sat there for a few moment in silence for a few moments before Kaitlyns stomach growled. They looked at each other before they both turned away quickly. They both started laughing slightly hysteric from the tension in the room. Harry got up and said "Why don't you go and have breakfast while I have a quick bath". Seeing her nod her ok harry walked into the bathroom shutting the door behind him.

Kaitlyn Got up off her bed and quickly changed into an old dress before heading down stairs. All the while she couldn't help but happy that Harry had forgiven her. unfortunately there was also a tinge of pain in her heart every time she looked at her brother. She knew the

feelings she had for him that no sister should have, and the fact that they would never be reciprocated made her feel sad.

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Halfway through breakfast Harry came down in his slightly tight t-shirt and jeans. Kaitlyn felt her heart jump when he smiled at her. Why did he have to be so sexy she thought to herself as she gazed over his body noticing his tight abs. Blushing at him she buried her head into her bowl. Seeing her look at him and blush Harry frowned slightly. The conversation they had had up stairs had still not solved the issue of them kissing.

Not wanting to embarrass each other further Harry Asked her what she was planning to do during the holidays. "I haven't got anything planned why" Kaitlyn asked him in a timid voice. "Well Mum said she was going to take me shopping on Saturday for some clothes I'm sure you wouldn't want to miss the chance to get some more clothes, not that you don't have enough" he said laughing not really knowing if she had lots of clothes or not but just going with what he had learnt would be normal for a Teenage girl. Seeing her smile slightly he knew he had guessed right. But her smile turned to a sad look before she said "I don't think Mum will want me to tag along".

"What of course she won't mind, besides I want you to come I will need ideas for what to get you for your birthday". He said mentioning her birthday which he had found on a calendar in his fathers study the day before. It fell three weeks before his own did making them less than a year apart in age. "Ok ... but only if you ask Mum" she replied looking a happier. "It's a deal" Harry smiled at his sister earning another blush. Seeing it he was about to say something about it but he decided to let it go, her embarrassment would fade he was sure.

After she finished eating Harry asked her if Kaitlyn wanted to go for a walk which she replied that she would. Kaitlyn thought that she would agree with almost anything right now if it meant that she could be around Harry. He was her new life line, the only person she was sure still liked her company, even though she could not work out why he had been so quick to forgive her.

"Harry can I ask you a question" Kaitlyn apprehensively asked Harry. Harry looked at her as she continued walking along a gravel walkway towards the front gates of the estate. "Of course you can, what's up" He said wondering what she wanted to know. "Harry I saw you do magic this morning ... but no owl has come ... why is that" she asked.

"O you noticed that huh. Well last year I was researching a few spells for charms when I came across a way to break the underage charm on my wand" he replied waiting for her to ask him if he could show her how to do it too. But after a moment of silence it seemed she wasn't going to, either she didn't really care about not being able to do magic over the holidays or she was too scared to ask him. Looking at her face told him it was the later as he saw her holding her bottom lip with her teeth looking nervous.

"Do you want me to help you get your tracking charm off too" he asked her hoping to get her to open up a bit to him. For the first time since she had woken up she looked at him in the eyes before quickly looking down again. "You would teach me how" she breathed almost waiting for him to laugh in her face. "Of course I will, have you got your wand on you" he asked.

"Umm ... no .. I left it in my room" she said still looking at her feet nervously. Harry stopped and watched as she too stopped but did not look up. She looked so weak to Harry, why was she so nervous around him, was she still embarrassed about the kiss. Harry wanted to get to know his sister but the way she was acting made him sad, he had to get her to talk to him. He wanted to have fun, play games and stuff like that. Most of all he wanted what Ron had had with Ginny, that playful relationship that only close sibling could have. He decided he would get to the bottom of her embarrassment and make her come out of her shell.

Stepping close to her he Reached forward and grabbed a hold of her chin between his index finger and thumb. He slowly lifted her head up so that they were staring into each other's eyes and said. "Look at me, I want to tell you right now so that there is no doubt left in your mind. I do not blame you for what happened on the train and I don't blame you for what happened the other night. I was the one to kiss you first remember even though I was not in complete control of my body at

the time. I'm sorry it happened and I'm sorry I made you feel you had to kiss me back because you owed me something or felt guilt. I can't let you go on feeling guilty or embarrassed, when it didn't mean anything". Watching her start to squirm a bit he let go of her chin before saying "ok".

Waiting for her to say something he saw her face turn sad before she shocked him by saying "But what if I don't want it to mean nothing". Harry's eyes widened as he tried to grasp what she meant. Before he could say anything though she turned quickly and ran up the drive towards the house. He was about to call out to her when what she had just said hit him.

She had wanted to kiss him, she had meant it. His mind was starting to go blank, why had she said that. The way she had kissed him had been more passionate then the kisses he saw Tonks give Moody and they were practically married, if there had been any priests still alive to preside over one. And Kaitlyn had meant it, He was her brother but she had wanted to kiss him and she wanted it to mean something.

This was not how siblings were meant to act surely. Harry was sure this had never happened to any one he knew except for Sirius's aunt and uncle who had married for blood. But that was because they were pureblood nut cases surely. The more Harry thought about it the stranger it became in his head. It became stranger still when he found that he was not averse to the idea, to him he had never had a sister. They did not grow up together, she had grown up with this Harry but he was not him. Another thing that made him more confused was the fact that she was so beautiful and he felt attracted to her. he had put that down to a strong family bond but now he looked back he could see most of it was just plain lust.

Harry too started walking back to the house feeling a headache coming on. Damn it he cursed why could this never be easy with him.

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That night dinner was a bit of a sombre affair as Harry could not stop thinking about the latest development with Kaitlyn. His Mum had brought home pizza which should have excited Harry but it didn't.



She had put his mood down to his pending conversation with James about what had happened during his time with Bellatrix. If the physical damage was anything to go by she did not blame him for dreading the talk. When she mentioned that Harry did not have to talk about his ordeal so soon Harry only replied that it would probably help him to talk to someone about it.

As they finished dinner Lily packed away the three plates as Kaitlyn had not joined them again, when She heard James say "Alright Harry are you ready". He looked up at his farther and nodded and got up from the table and made to follow James. He saw that His Mum was about to come as well when he stopped and looked at her "I'm sorry Mum but I don't want you to have to hear this". She was about to protest when he said "If dad feels like telling you then he can, but I could not handle having to tell you what happened. It's bad enough that I have to talk to Dad about it but that his job". Seeing her nod sadly at him he allowed her to give him a quick hug before turning to follow a sad looking James to his study.

When harry had sat down on the couch next to his Dads desk he watched his Dad put up a silencing charm before taking a seat at his desk. James setup his quick quill so he could take the whole conversation down before looking up and smiling half-heartedly at his son. "I never thought I'd ever have to interview my own son" he said sombrely.

"Well when ever your ready son and we can start"

Harry looked at his father before saying "got any Firewiskey" James grinned at him slightly "why do you want some Harry". Harry shock his head indicating he didn't "no but i think you might want one by the time were finished". James's grin vanished and his head dropped slightly.

The next few hours were spent with Harry going through every single detail of what he could remember from what he had seen in the other Harry's mind before he had ceased to be. Harry had edited the story slightly so it did not include him giving Bellatrix the prophesy that he should not know or her casting the killing curse at him. Obviously he left out haw he was from another world too, as that would be a bit

problematic. By the end his father was as white as a ghost and had even cried a couple of times.

Harry looked up as he finished "and so I apparated here with Bellatrix's wand". His father was silent for a few minutes still taking in everything that his son had been through. He had seen this brand of torture before from Bellatrix and many other witches or wizard's and not lasted through half of what Harry had endured. It saddened him that Bellatrix had been able to get to Harry, he was just glad that other than a bit of memory loss Harry was ok. He had made a miraculous recovery, when they had told the mind healer Harry was ok the man was shocked. He had insisted on come to see Harry for himself. The short visit from the mind healer had confirmed that he was fine but should keep up with his potions just in case.

James stood up from his desk and walked over to Harry sitting next to him. He threw an arm over his shoulders before saying "Thank you for telling me that Harry ... I ...I don't know what to say". Harry looked up at his Dad "You don't need to say anything, what happened is over. I want you to promise me to be careful if you ever cross her in your investigation. Make sure you disable her strait away DO NOT FOOL AROUND". The last he said bitterly as the thought of Sirius falling through the veil was followed by a dishevelled James.

James was about to say something when Harry held up his hand "I know you wouldn't do it intentionally but things happen. She's very dangerous Dad, if you do catch a hint of where she is I want you to take backup. Can you promise me that" Harry begged. He did not want to lose the father he had never had again. Even though he did not know if she was still alive after the explosion he wanted his father to be careful just in case.

"Of course son I promise, I always take my job seriously when capturing criminals" James replied looking reassuringly at his son. James got up and walked to his desk stopping the quick quill from taking down any more notes. He had pages and pages of writing on his desk with he would have to shift through later in case he missed any leads on where Bellatrix could be hiding.

Harry too got up and was just about to open the door to leave before he turned around and said "Dad could you do me a favour". James looked up from his desk and nodded "what is it Harry". Harry looked at him a bit sheepish before saying "if you tell Mum about what i said can you leave out that Bella ... umm ... you know ". James's look faded a little as he knew what Harry meant. Harry did not want Him to tell his Mum that in conjunction to being tortured Harry was also Raped.

"Harry I wouldn't have told her any way, she will be depressed enough as it is". James replied. Harry said a quick thank you to his Dad before leaving to find his mother. Who he found in the kitchen sitting nervously glancing at the clock on the wall. When she saw him she quickly jumped up and ran over to him enveloping him in a warm hug. They stood there for a few moments with Lily laying her head against Harry's chest. Slowly she pulled away and looked up to his face which stood a whole foot taller. "Are you ok Harry" She asked in a voice full of concern. Harry nodded "I'm fine, don't worry about me".

Sighing she looked like she was going to say something before she stopped seeing a happy look in his eyes. "Please Mum I'm ok, I love the fact that your worried about me but I just want things to go back to normal" Harry said. Lily gave Harry a slight smile before saying "If you're sure". Harry nodded confirming that he was. "Well deserts ready if you want it, I didn't know how you would be feeling so I made some vanilla sundaes". She said looking slightly happier while she turned around to the fridge and grabbed out two sundaes and handed on to her Son.

Taking the offered desert Harry sat down at the table and started to eat the delicious treat. Not for the first time he wondered how he could still be hungry. It seemed ever since he had awoken there was not a moment where he didn't feel hungry. They ate in silence, Lily kept glancing at Harry while they ate as if to make sure he was still there.

When they had both finished eating Harry turned to his mother "How was work today". Lily looked slightly taken aback before she sighed "I was run off my feet, we were so busy. I'm still trying to catch up with last month's work. It looks like I won't be home much for the next few

weeks with the overtime I will need to put in". Harry felt sorry for her she did as much work around the house as Molly Weasley did and on top of that she had a fulltime job.

A thought came into Harry's head "Why don't I cook the meals from now on to give you a break. You have enough on your plate at work to have to come home and do more". Lily smiled at him and look like she was about to protest when Harry had to cut her off "besides ill have to leave home soon enough I should start to learn cooking at least".

"Harry you know you can always live here, you don't need to leave as soon as you get a job you know" Lily said. Harry smiled at her "I know that but I can't live here forever". His mum looked at him like she disagreed. "So ill cook dinner from now on" Harry said. His Mum looked a bit happier "well ok, But only if you want to". Nodding Harry asked her to show him where everything was in the kitchen that he might need.

After a couple of minutes and his mum had shown him were all the imprudence and utensils were. Harry was for the first time in his life grateful for all the experience he had gotten when he was a child cooking for the Dursleys. They had given him something he thought bitterly, he had no childhood but he could cook like a master.

Hearing his mother yawn Harry bid her good night and walked up the stairs to his room noting that his father was still in his study as he passed it on the second floor. When he got to his room he was about to grab a change of clothes and have a bath when he noticed a light coming from under the door. Sighing Harry knew that meant his sister was already having one. Shaking his head to remove the images of her in the bath Harry decided he would just go to sleep and Have an extra long one in the morning.

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Waking up for the deepest sleep he had ever had Harry felt energised and ready for the day. He Went down for breakfast with his parents and a very happy Sirius. They sat around joking while they ate until it was time for his parents and Sirius to head to work. Harry was a bit

surprised when he had heard that Sirius was an Auror with his dad also he did not let on that he did not know this fact.

Harry finished saying goodbye as his Mum disappeared through the fire place feeling a bit lost. What should he do for the rest of the day, he could go talk to Kaitlyn but for some reason he was dreading that talk that they would have. Eventually he decided to make use of the space that Potter manor afforded and went for a run. He had spent the last few days just having fun and doing his best to integrate into this new dreamlike world. He knew from what little research he could do that Voldemort was most likely still stuck in his non-corporeal form somewhere biding his time.

Harry even thought about tipping the Aurors off about where he was located in Albania when he had hidden after trying to kill Harry the first time. But it did not matter if he was there or not because any Aurors that went to investigate would, knowing Harry's luck be turned into a helpful servant by the dark lord. No Harry would use whatever time he had before he came back to get ready for the fight. He would train so that what happened to his world would not happen to this one.

To start Harry would follow the physical training course laid out by the Auror academy. After he was confident with his physical fitness Harry would start his spell work again. Now that he had time on his hands and was not constantly running from Death Eaters he could focus on learning some new spells instead of having to rely on his old bag of tricks all the time.

So after a brief warm up Harry set off on his run around the fence line of Potter manor. It had taken him about an hour to complete one lap and he was immensely proud that he had succeeded in completing it. This new body was in a lot better condition than he had ever been.

Puffing in exhaustion Harry walked leisurely back to the Manor and after stopping for a drink of water headed up to his room. Pleased that the bathroom was unoccupied Harry grabbed some old clothes before going to run his bath. He had been looking forward to another long soak ever since he had first had a bath here and was not disappointed as he sunk deep into the water. Sighing he let the warmth enter his

slightly fatigued muscles and relaxed as the feeling of bliss took hold of him.

It must have been a complete hour later and Harry was startled awake as he heard the door to his sister's room open. Moving to cover himself he saw Kaitlyn walk into the room and walk straight to the cabinet under the dress mirror. She had not noticed he was there as she downed a vial of hangover potion and started to rummage around in the drawers for something else.

Harry was just about to say something when she stood up after finding what she was looking for and saw him in the mirror. She let out a slight shriek before she whipped around facing him and dropped another vial onto the floor smashing it. "Harry" she gasped her eyes going wide.

Finding the situation slightly funny Harry grinned a bit as he greeted her "Good morning to you too Kaitlyn". She stood there stock still not even blinking a big blush rising in her face. Harry thought she looked like a deer in a spotlight and said "Umm ... If you don't mind I need to get out now". Her face opened and closed like a fish's before she quickly ran from the room closing the door behind her.

Shaking his head slightly Harry got out and dried himself off with a towel before getting dressed. When he had finished getting dressed he decided to go see his sister and apologise for not locking the door, even though he could have sworn he had.

He walked to the door to his sister's room and knocked, hearing a faint moan he opened it and walked in. Like yesterday the room was dark so Harry again flicked his wand at the curtains before turning towards Kaitlyn who was lying on her front in her bed. She had a pillow over her head and he could hear soft sobs coming from her. Harry walked over and sat on her bed next to her noticing another bottle of Firewhiskey lying on the floor.

Now that he was here next to her he found he was a bit nervous about talking to her. Part of him just wanted to walk back out the door. He settled for tapping her on the shoulder but got no response. Why was he finding it so difficult to talk to her, he summoned his courage

and pulled the pillow off her head. Her head was slightly turned towards him and he could see slight tears in her eyes.

"Are you ok Kaitlyn" Harry said as he pat her back feeling his hand tingle when he touched her. She only continued to lay there not moving. "Come on Kaitlyn we've know each other all our lives you know you can talk to me right" Harry said trying to put on a calming voice but she still did not respond. Harry was starting to get a bit annoyed, why was she acting like a child. She had walked in on him while he was bathing, so what she had not even seen anything.

"Kaitlyn" he yelled while forcefully turning her over , she still did not move but she did glance at him slightly alarmed. "We need to talk, you can't keep acting like this. Come on your coming down for some breakfast" Harry said and grabbed her arm pulling her out of bed. When she was standing up on her own feet Harry brought his wand out and jabbed her with it motioning towards the door.

Finally they had arrived in the kitchen and Harry set about making some toast and eggs for his sister. When he had turned around after he finished making his sister's breakfast he saw she had her head in her hands still looking depressed. Was he like this after he had gotten Sirius killed he wondered. If I did no wonder his so called friends had stopped wanting to see him. Shaking his head he walked over to her and put the plate in front of her and took a seat next to her.

"Thank you" Kaitlyn mumbled to Harry as she started to devour her food. While she ate, Harry talked to her about a few items he had seen in the paper. when she finished Harry waved his wand sending the dirty dishes away to the sink.

Summoning some courage he said "Kaitlyn we have to talk about what's been going on lately. To be honest I don't know what's happening, we have not been close since we were young so ... umm. I guess what I'm trying to say is I don't really know what's going on between us". Wow thought Harry that was pretty deep. Kaitlyn meanwhile looked up at him sadly "Harry please I don't ...". But she stopped unable to find the words.

Harry knew he had to push on if he wanted to get to the bottom of the issue. "What did you mean yesterday" Harry asked. Kaitlyn looked around as if trying to escape before sighing and slumping forward. "Harry I .. I ... when you kissed me .. it .. I'm sorry I can't do this" Kaitlyn started saying before she got up and ran out of the room toward the stairs, leaving a frustrated Harry behind.

Harry chased after her but stopped just as she reached the top of the stairs. He was shocked as he stood watching her run the rest of the way up the stairs. His eyes were drawn slightly to her tight rear which he could see outlined against her silk boxers. His mind went blank it was one of the sexiest things he had ever seen. Seeing this only added to the headache that was Kaitlyn.



## New Life Eventually New Shoes

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That night Harry had Cooked Dinner for His parents which his Mum was really proud of. After dinner which was quite late his parents bid him goodnight promising to spend more time with him soon. As Harry wasn't about cleaning the kitchen he thought back on the day's events. As far as Harry could piece together Kaitlyn had willingly kissed him and now felt very guilty about it. But at the same time she still wanted it to mean something and embarrassed that she had told him. He could understand why she felt confused, to her he was her brother. She had grown up with him but now apparently she had feelings for him.

For Harry he had only met her about a week ago and was still trying to get his head around the fact that he had a sister. He did not know what to do about the situation, on one hand she was his sister, at least in this world. On the other she was hot girl around his age and as a horny teenager, how could he not feel attracted to her. He was flattered that she would have any feelings for him at all, but he was unsure what to do about it. Should he welcome it, his first chance at love. Something he had never had and never thought he would ever have the chance to find.

He could not ignore her because he wanted to get to know her. She was obviously troubled, for one she drank herself stupid every night. She stayed locked in her room and never came out, Her parents did not have any time for her and her boyfriend had betrayed her. He did not even think she had any other friends. The more he thought about it the sadder he got, she had made a few wrong choices, yes, but she did not deserve to be abandoned because of them.

The only thing that he could think about that fit the situation was that she had tried to cling to him for comfort. When he had kissed her she must have latched on to that putting all her emotions into the last person she felt she could turn to. Harry had done the same when Moony had died, he had thrown himself at Tonks as if it would solve everything. nothing had happened with here but it was a strong feeling none the less. and for someone as unprepared for it as Kaitlyn it must have been a lot worse.

Harry had decided that he would help his sister through this no matter what. he would make her see that the feeling she thought she had for him were artificial. The first thing he needed to do was stop her drinking and then he needed her to start to trust him. And with that in mind Harry started climbing the steps to Kaitlyn's room. When he reached it he knocked loudly and waited. When he had no answer he sighed and opening the door he walked in.

The first thing he noticed was how cold it was the second was that his sister was not there. Harry looked around the room knowing she wasn't anywhere downstairs. The bathroom door was open and he could not see her in there. That was when he saw that a glass sliding door on the side of her room was open. He had mistakenly thought it was just a window like the rest when he had been in here before.

But why would she go outside it was cold and raining. Walking to it he looked out and saw a set of small steps that wound their way to the roof. Pulling his shirt tighter around his neck Harry braved it and stepped out through the door and up the small stairs into the rain. It took him a few moment to adjust to the coolness that enveloped his body and by the time he had reached the top of the stairs he was soaked.

Looking around Harry noticed that there was a pool sitting right in the middle of the roof. He had not been shown this in his tour of the house, maybe his parents did not know about its existence, after all it had been three generation's since anyone had lived here. James had grown up somewhere in Wales, right next to a dragon reserve that his father had run and had only ever been here for a formal dinner when he was very young.

Harry looked around not seeing his sister was about to turn around and head back to her room when he spotted a bit of material sticking out from behind a large griffin statue. Knowing it must be Kaitlyn he walked towards her. When he got alongside her he said "What are you doing out here, its bloody freezing". She looked up at him in a look of surprise when he had spoken, but she stayed silent a sad look in her eyes.

Harry squatted down next to her and put his hand on her shoulder noticing even through the rain that she had been crying. "Come on Kaitlyn don't keep doing this, please talk to me I want to help you" He said pouring his emotion into his words. But she only looked at him sadly, it was then that he noticed what she was holding and it shocked him.

She was holding a potion vial with a light gray liquid contained within it. There was only one potion that had that colour he remembered it well as it had beckoned to him just after his friends had abandoned him. It was called Mortis Exhaurire and its only use was for those seeking a painless exit from this world. It offered a euphoric death, it was supposed to let anyone who took it willingly the chance to relive all their happy moments one last time before it painlessly stopped their heart.

Harry had been so desperate after Sirius died and his friends had abandoned him that he had brewed the relatively simple potion and was about to take it when Moody had stopped him. He was grateful that he had as he did not know how he would have been able to face his 'real' parents when he got to heaven or whatever happened after life.

Harry reached forward and put his hands over his sister's containing the potion vial. Gasping at how deathly cold she felt, for a fleeting moment he feared that she may have already taken it, but remembered that the vial was still full. He looked deep into her scared looking eyes and said one word "Why".

She looked up at him with emotion in her eyes "I .. I can't stand it anymore. I've got no one, I ... I have these feelings, feelings I know I should not have". She looked up at him as he replied " Kaitlyn you

have me, I would never abandon you. You don't have to do this, please just talk to me". She continued to look into his eyes and he saw hope start to rise in them.

"H-Harry I ... I Love you and not the way I meant to. When ... When you kissed me, I .. I've never felt anything like it. It's so painful knowing you're so close but you don't ... can't ever .. I love you Harry". Harry looked at her seeing for the first time deep into her soul. Here was a girl, a young girl who needed to be loved. She needed to feel loved, feel wanted and she wanted it from him. "Kaitlyn why didn't you tell me, you were going to kill yourself, you should have asked how I felt first" Harry breathed watching as she looked shocked.

"Do you mean that y...you ... what" Kaitlyn spluttered.

"Please come inside Kaitlyn it's too cold out here, You'll get sick" Harry begged

Harry grabbed the dreadful vial of potion and threw it over the side of the house. "What did you mean ... When you" Kaitlyn began to ask, but Harry interrupted her by swinging down and picking her up like one would pick up a child. He turned and headed down to her room almost slipping on the wet steps. When they were finally inside Harry closed the door behind him with his free hand and pulled out his wand. He quickly cast two drying and warming charms on them before flicking his wand at the large fire in the centre of the room, igniting it.

When he was done he turned back to Kaitlyn who had slipped down from his arms but still had her arms around him. Harry felt a warmth rise in his stomach, one that he knew was not from the warming charms. For the second time that day Harry rethought his views about Kaitlyn. Standing in her arms he felt something he had not felt before and he liked it, no he loved it. Blushing heavily Harry slowly untangled himself from her and walked over to her bed and sat cross-legged on it.

He watched as she blinked her eyes with a confused look still dominant on her face. He patted the bed in front of him while he said "we have a lot to talk about Kaitlyn". She looked guiltily as she walked

over and sat about a meter away from him towards the head of her bed.

"Kaitlyn I .. I don't really know where to start" he said with a slight laugh.

"What did you mean when you said I should have asked you first" she said timidly.

"O ... well I .. I... When I kissed you I won't lie to you, I was not really in control of my body at that stage" Harry could have cursed himself as he saw her face fall and start to fill with tears why did he say that. He quickly shuffled forward and threw his arms around the small teen "Wait .. I might not have meant it but I can't deny I didn't feel anything as well".

She looked up at him with tears gushing down her face "What ... what do you mean".

"I mean that I ... I ... god I'm attracted to you" Harry said honestly.

At least he stopped her tears he thought as she replied "You are". Harry lent backward and said "yes , when I was trapped in my mind the only thing that got me through was you. When you kissed me that night, it was the best thing I have ever felt and while I know I shouldn't, I can't help it, I loved it".

Kaitlyn reached out her hand and put it on Harry's "so what does this mean .. for us".

Harry looked at her taking in her beauty before asking "Your attracted to me even though I'm your brother".

She nodded, a fierce look in her eyes "I Love you Harry"

Harry smiled at her "it sounds simple, I'm attracted to you and your attracted to me". But as her face started to split into a smile Harry said "I need to tell you something though".

Kaitlyn wasn't deterred she was smiling as she said "What is it Harry".

Harry sighed and lowered his head " I don't remember you".

"What" she said starting to get confused.

"I know I should but everything before the ... umm incident is .. umm very blurry. I remember some of the big occasions but I can't remember what your favourite colour is or anything like that. I ... if we are going to continue this ... whatever this is I want to get to know you first".

Kaitlyn started to get sad again "Because of what I did".

Harry squeezed her hand as they still lay in his "No, I won't let you blame yourself for that. It is Bella who we should blame, she has hurt too many people. No, all I'm saying is I ..I ...Can we start from scratch".

And to make his point he pulled his hands away from hers and held one forward "Hi I'm Harry Potter". Giggling slightly at how strange their conversation was Kaitlyn shook it "Nice to meet you Harry, I'm Kaitlyn Potter.

What followed was the longest conversation Kaitlyn had had with her brother in years. They discussed favourite colours, chocolate and Quidditch. Basically anything and everything. By the end Harry had gotten to know Kaitlyn a lot better and found himself even more attracted to her. Hours later a sleepy Harry was about to go back to his own room when his sister grasped him by the arm and said "Please don't go"

Harry looked down at her pleading eyes knowing she was tied too. "I really should" Harry Said slightly blushing. But she did not waver "Please, we ... just so I don't think this has all been just a dream". Harry thought about it, he knew he wanted to but was not sure what would happen if he did "Ok, but ... we can't". Before he could finish the sentence his sister cut him off "Just sleep, Please". Sighing nervously Harry got under her pink blankets and was joined by Kaitlyn seconds later.

"Goodnight Harry" Kaitlyn said before turning the light off and snuggling into her pillow.

Harry lay awake for the next hour wondering if he should have lied about his feelings. Should he risk everything he now had in this world just to try and find love. Well at least I finally got a girl to take me to her bed. At that thought he smiled into the darkness, reaffirmed in his belief he did the right thing.

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The next morning Harry awoke happier than he had ever been. Opening his eye's he noticed that his sister must have rolled over during the night, she was snuggling into his chest with a smooth leg thrown over him resting between his own. When he finally realised where her leg was he had to fight to stop the erection he knew he was moments away from having. He lay there for a few moments succeeding in stopping himself from popping a morning woody when he felt his sister start to stir.

Her movements made him have to concentrate harder and he thought about moving her leg himself. She was fully awake now and looked into his eye's with the happiest expression he had ever seen on her face. "Wow that was the best sleep if had in ages" She said. Harry groaned as she continued to move her leg against him "Kaitlyn ... your leg is ...umm". She looked at him confused for a few seconds until she realised where it was and what she could feel against it. Her eyes widened and she quickly rolled away from him "Sorry Harry I didn't know".

Harry just laughed at her blush "it's ok, I had a good sleep too. do you know what time it is". Kaitlyn rolled over and as she was checking the time Harry quickly sat up and threw his legs off the bed. "Wow its almost lunch time Harry, that's amazing I haven't slept that long in ages" Kaitlyn said shocked.

Harry nodded and then thought of something what if his mum checked on him this morning would she have looked for him in here. What if she had seen them sleeping together. Then he remembered that his mother had told him she would not see him this morning

because she had to go to work early. Sighing in relief Harry told his sister he would quickly change before heading down to lunch.

As Harry finished making them some sandwiches and put them on a platter he saw Kaitlyn come walking down the stairs. His jaw almost hit the floor, she had been wearing old baggy clothes for so long that Harry did not think she had anything else. But what she was wearing right now was like sunshine to a stormy day compared to what she had been wearing for the last few days. She had a plain white top which showed off for the first time her perfect if somewhat small cleavage. What drew Harry's eyes however was the skirt which she chose to wear, or rather what was under them as her long perfectly formed legs were only covered about mid thigh. Harry could not help staring, only looking up when she stood in front of him with her hands on her hips.

"Do you like what I'm wearing or something Harry" She asked giggling as she slightly blushed. Harry looked up to her face and could feel his face turn the colour of a tomato "I...I... Umm ... that is to say ... umm ...sorry". He felt worse, now he couldn't even talk to her. He was fine this morning but now he could even string a few words together. He quickly turned around as she started to laugh, it lightened his heart with the musical quality it had.

Harry grabbed the tray of food and said "I ...umm I thought we could eat this out in the garden since it looks so nice out there today". Kaitlyn agreed and quickly walked ahead of him towards the front door and out to the table in the garden. All the while Harry followed her being able to do nothing other than watch her swaying hips. Halfway to their destination she looked back over her shoulder and spotting where his gaze was smiled innocently and started swaying her hips a bit more.

Harry slightly groaned, what was she trying to do, get him to jump her. First the leg this morning and now this, Harry started to wonder if he could excuse himself to go rub one out. Maybe then he would be able to handle being around her for more than five minutes without getting a Bonner. Such was her effect on him that he almost dropped the plate he was carrying before they got to the table. He was starting to think that maybe his sister was part Veela or something.



"Are you ok Harry, you look a bit flustered" Kaitlyn said with a small grin on her face.

"Sorry Kaitlyn, I didn't mean to look I swear" Harry cough out trying to fight his blush while he picked up a sandwich and started to bite into it.

"That's ok Harry I don't mind if you do, it's why I chose to wear this in the first place. I wanted to see if you were honest when you said you were attracted to me" She said her grin getting larger. Harry chocked on the sandwich he was eating. Was this the same girl he was talking to last night, where had his timid sister gone. "God Kaitlyn I'd be attracted to you if you were wearing a full-size curtain, you didn't need to wear that unless you want me to have a heart attack" Harry said knowing there was no way to salvage his dignity now.

"Oww that's so sweet Harry" she said suddenly losing her happy demeanour and starting to shed a tear. Harry saw it and quickly put his hand on hers "What's wrong Kaitlyn". He wondered if it was something he had said, as she started to cry more tears. Harry got up and sat next to her and she quickly pulled him into a desperate hug. They sat there for a few minutes like that as Harry tried to calm her down, not knowing what had made her react like that.

When she had finally calmed down enough to speak she said "I'm sorry Harry, it's just I was remembering ... how Draco used to ...he". She cut her self off forcing herself not to start crying again. Harry decided to try and help her when he said " Malfoy used to complement you like that". She made a sobbing noise and then said "no he never ... he would always criticise my appearance ...I was never".

Harry hugged her tighter "Don't worry about that fuck wit, you never need to talk to him again". She looked up at him her eyes still glistening "But what about when we have to go back". Harry did not need to ask her what she meant, Hogwarts. As a Slitherin Kaitlyn would be stuck with the Malfoy prat for another year. "I'll make sure he stays away from you, even if I have to hex him, which I'm looking forward to do anyway after the way he treated you" Harry Said protectively his green eyes flashing.

Kaitlyn still looking into his eyes gave him a loving look before she closed her eyes and moved slowly to kiss him. She managed to graze his lip before he pulled away. She looked up at him with a sad look as she explored his eyes. "I thought you ... umm" She stuttered.

"I don't know if we should, I don't want to hurt you" Harry said looking intently at her.

"What do you mean hurt me, you can't be that bad a kisser" she said starting to look slightly amused.

"I wouldn't know" Harry said looking embarrassed as he looked away from her.

"What do you mean Harry"

"I've never, well I don't ever remember kissing anyone before, other than the other day obviously. he sighed and looked at the ground.

"You'll be fine Harry, I'll show you how, it's easy. That is if you still want to". Kaitlyn said smiling at him trying to comfort him.

"We'll I do but what if Mum or Dad see us".

"Relax Harry and just go with it, no one will see us out here" Kaitlyn then lifted her lips to his again and kissed him, this time he did not pull away. She started just kissing with her lips on his for a few minutes before she advanced to running her tongue along his it. Harry groaned and in the process he open his mouth slightly. Taking advantage of this Kaitlyn twisted her head to the side and started to probe his mouth with her tongue.

A warm feeling started to spread throughout Harry's body and he gave himself fully to the kiss, finally letting go any inhibitions he had about who he was kissing. All Harry knew right now was that he loved Kaitlyn and would not trade this new feeling for the world. Harry started to follow his sisters lead and started to kiss her back the same way she was kissing him. Their tongues twisted together in a strange soft dance, energising both of them to the core.

When Kaitlyn broke off the kiss she sighed as they both savoured the taste of the other. When Harry had finally come down from the high he was experiencing he said "That was the most amazing thing I've ever experienced". To which Kaitlyn responded by saying "your defiantly a quick learner".

"How am I going to be able to keep my hands off you now" Harry breathed while he reached up and tucked some of her wayward raven black hair behind her ear.

"I could say the same thing, that was wonderful Harry" Kaitlyn said smiling at him.

They continued to talk and laugh until the sun started to go down and Harry had to make a start on dinner. Kaitlyn went up to her room but not before making Harry promise to come see her after their parents went to bed. Harry happily told her he would and set about making dinner with an extra spring in his step. He was on a bit off a high, first he was in another world, Sirius was still alive and he had met his dead parents. To top it all off he had met Kaitlyn and the more he got to know her the more he started to fall in love with the gorgeous girl.

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Hours later Harry finished putting the dinner he had cooked in front of his very tired looking Mum and Dad. Dinner then proceeded with a slow pace while light conversation filled in the silence. That was until Harry, having finished eating said "Mum are we still going to go shopping tomorrow".

"Of course Darling, I know I have been busy at work but I've been looking forward to it" Lily responded.

"I've been looking forward to it too Mum, but ... can I ask you something".

"Of course you can Harry, what is it".

"Can Kaitlyn come with us" Harry Asked.

Lily and James both stopped eating and looked at their son. Both had almost forgotten she still even lived there, they had not seen her since Harry had awoken. They both looked slightly shocked that he would even ask for her to come along with him on a shopping trip.

"I thought it would be just us Harry, But if you really want her to come then I don't mind" Lily said looking slightly put out.

"Harry you do know what she ... " James began but was silenced by the look Harry was giving him. They had talked about this the other night but it looked like that conversation had not change his view on the events at all.

"You both know what really happened. I've forgiven her why can you two" Harry said looking disappointed with them, which he was. If they had only known how close their daughter had been to ending her own life. But would they care, they would of course they weren't heartless but how much did they care.

Moments later Harry got up and kissing his mum on her forehead he said" Goodnight Mum, Dad, I'll make sure Kaitlyn and I are down here by ten tomorrow morning, is that ok".

"Sure Honey, Goodnight" Lily called looking as if she wanted to say more.

"Goodnight Son" James called looking deep in thought.

Harry smiled slightly at both of them before he turned and headed up to his room. When he got there he quickly cast a strong locking charm on the door and grabbed his clothes. He had a quick bath before he headed threw the door into Kaitlyn's room.

She smiled as she looked up from a book she was reading. But as Harry crossed to sit next to her he saw that it was not a book but a photo album.

"I got this from the library, I thought you might want to see it. It might help you to remember some things" Kaitlyn said as she handed him the Album.

Harry took it but put it down on the table beside her bed, leaving it there as he sat down next to her. "Thank you but I'd rather spend time with you, if that's ok" Harry said asking his sister. The smile adorning her face only got bigger "Really, why".

Harry just looked at her before he split into a grin "hmm spend time looking at a boring old album or spend it talking to a stunningly beautiful girl, wow that's a hard one".

"You really think I'm beautiful Harry"

"Yes I do, But that's not the reason I like talking to you Kaitlyn"

"Why do you like talking to me then"

"Because when I'm talking to you I feel like I've never felt before. I feel like I'm floating on a cloud and it wonderful".

Kaitlyn's eyes started to glisten and she slid over to him and enveloped him in a hug. After a few moments Kaitlyn raised her head up to meet his without breaking the hug.

"I love you Harry, Can I .. umm ask you a question"

"Of course you can"

"Would you stay with me again tonight"

"Sure I had the best night last night with you Kaitlyn"

She looked at him like she wanted to say something more but decided against it. After a few moments she said she was going to take a quick bath and get ready for bed. While she was gone Harry sighed contently, he had been worried last night about sleeping here but now there was nothing else in the world he wanted more.

A few minutes later Kaitlyn stepped out of the bathroom and Harry could have sworn that his jaw hit the floor literally, to say she was stunning would be a gross understatement. Her damp hair clung to her as she walked over in short boxers and a small thin t-shirt which showed him she wasn't wearing a bra, if the small nipples that were slightly visible were any indicator. Her toned legs were shown to great advantage and Harry could not help getting hard at the sight. He had never seen her look so sexy, it was all he could do not to grab her and fuck her tight body silly.

Groaning he shifted himself so his now raging hard on was not visible above the covers. He thanked god that he had gotten under them when his sister had gone for her bath. Thinking of her washing her naked body only increased how horny he felt.

She must have miss understood his groan when she said "are you ok Harry". He could only watch her almost drooling as she got in next to him, disappointed when she disappeared from view. when he did not respond Kaitlyn slid closer to him and put her arm across his chest. Harry jerked when she touched him, making Kaitlyn look up at him worriedly.

"Harry what's wrong" she asked getting nervous that maybe he had change his mind about her. Harry still did not say anything looking slightly scared and that was when she saw why he was acting strangely. Harry's raging Bonner had created a tent in the blankets even tho he had tried to hid it.

"I'm so sorry Kaitlyn but I can't help it".

"O Harry don't worry about it. Is that because of ... because of me"

"Yes... I sorry I just ... I haven't had any alone time for umm ... you know" Harry said blushing so heavily he was starting to turn the colour of a tomato.

"I'm ...umm ... flattered Harry, do you want me too ... umm help you" Kaitlyn too blushed looking at Harry back in the eyes.

"What" Harry spluttered did she mean what he thought she meant.

"I could, you know ... umm give you a hand" gesturing toward the still towering member. Harry could not believe what they were talking about, it was so surreal.

"No I'm ... I'm ok"

"I Love you Harry you know that right" she questioned

"Yes I know that" Harry breathed looking down at her smooth beautiful face.

"Then let me help you, I want to" as she spoke she trailed her hand down his chest and under the blanket. She continued until she came in contact with his enlarged cock, touching it through the material of his boxers. He moaned at her touch, it sent fire into his abdomen and tingles down his spine.

"What are you doing " Harry whispered moving away from her touch. His sister instantly jerked her hand away from him, she looked up at him with hurt in her eyes.

"Don't you want me to umm ... Wait, you're a ... a virgin" Kaitlyn said with wide eyes.

Harry tried to look away as he felt completely embarrassed but was prevented from doing so when Kaitlyn reached out and put her hand against his face holding him still.

"Harry I'm sorry ... I didn't know. I just assumed that you would have ... you know". She said emotion filling her eyes as she stared at him lovingly.

"I've never been close enough to anyone " He said bitterly not knowing if this would change the way she looked at him.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of Harry, I wish I had never ... you know. You must think I'm a slut or something for forcing myself on you like that". Kaitlyn said in a mixture of emotions.

"No, I'd never think that Kaitlyn and ...". But he was interrupted by Kaitlyn

"You would if you know what I've done. God I feel like a slut now."

"You're not a slut Kaitlyn just because you've had sex. I mean, you had a boyfriend for how long" Harry said hugging her tighter and kissed her forehead.

"And what if I told you that it was not just Draco, what if he wasn't even the first, and what if was not just sex" She said sadly starting to cry.

"It doesn't matter to me if you ..." Harry started to say but was interrupted again by Kaitlyn.

"Cedric was the first and we did it more than once, then came Draco and while we never actually had sex, I ... umm ... well I sucked him off every night Harry. What does that make me, How could you ever love someone who did that". She started to pull away from him a frantic look in her eyes but Harry only pulled her back to him.

"Kaitlyn Listen to me" Harry barked fiercely his Bonner finally going completely soft. He forced her to look him in the eyes.

"I don't care what you've done, nothing you can say or do will ever stop me from loving you". Harry said and Kaitlyn broke down stoping her struggle and returning to hugging him while sobbing.

"But I don't deserve you Harry. Your still pure and I'm just some filthy tramp".

"Don't say that Kaitlyn, can't you see how much it hurts me to see you talk like that. I love you and that's final, you can't turn me away".

"I'm sorry Harry ... I guess I overreacted a bit but your really ok with me having done those things. you don't think worse of me" She asked looking at him after drying her tears.



"No Kaitlyn" Harry said and then sighed as he lent into his sister and felt her perky breast against his chest. Hearing his sigh his sister looked up at him and said "What's wrong Harry".

"I'm just wishing I hadn't reacted like that" he say honestly while he blushed

"Really you still want me to ... , even after what I just told you" she looked at him strangely.

"Are you kidding you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. It's hard to concentrate when I'm around you I want you so bad. Eventually if you still feel the same I want to do that and more but I think you deserve better at the moment". Harry said lowering his head to his sister's and kissed her lips for a brief moment. He pulled back to see what her reaction would be.

"Harry I'd do anything for you, all you have to do is ask. But if you want to take it slow, then so do I, I don't want to pressure you. Besides it'll only be better when I finally do it". Harry just nodded at her sending her a grateful look astounded at how bold they were both being.

"Besides you'll owe me for coming shopping with you tomorrow, so I'm sure I can wait to cash in that favour, It'll give me something to look forward to" His sister said giving him a shy little grin which he could not help but smile at.

"I will owe you for coming shopping but wouldn't you prefer me to take off the tracking charm on your wand instead of something like ...that".

"What me giving you a hand job, I want you to know how much I love you And I'm a bit curious as to how much you've grown since we were kids. Why waste the chance to pass that up over some stupid underage magic charm". Harry could not help groan at that statement. Kaitlyn hearing this smiled, she loved making Harry feel like this and decided to see if she could embarrass him a bit more.

She grasped his chin and made him look deep into her eyes before she said "There's nothing I want more, than to make you cum so hard while I gaze into your eyes".

Harry whimpered as he closed his eyes trying to get back in control of his emotions after having such a graphic image of his sister jerking him off float into his mind. shaking his head he looked at her smiling face and knew that she was serious. Wow, how hot was that, he almost got hard again just thinking about it.

Kaitlin changed the topic after making him promise to let her help him if she was good and came shopping with him. Happily agreeing the next hour was filled with small talk until Harry started to yawn and they both decided to call it a night. Harry stayed in her bed again and this time they slept a bit closer to each other, both falling asleep with big smiles on their faces.

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Harry awoke feeling great as he saw the sun rising above the trees on the edge of the manor. He glanced over and saw that his sister had once again rolled over during the night. She looked so peaceful, looking so good she would put angels to shame. Harry sighed into the warmth of her body pressed against his. If he woke up like this every morning for the rest of his life he was sure heaven would end up being a disappointment. How could it get any better than this.

Harry quietly slipped out from her grip watching her search for him in her sleep, reluctant to give him up. He had to force himself not to slip back in bed and lay with her. Besides he had more important things to do, he had neglected his training yesterday. He would go for a run again but this time push himself a little bit harder. He needed to be on his guard more now after his relationship with Kaitlyn intensified.

He had more to lose here than he did in his old world and he would be damned if he didn't do everything he could to protect his new family from the coming darkness. It would become his new mantra, something he would use to push himself harder when he was training.

When he was finished his run he stopped in a secluded part of the garden and conjured a metal dummy. He cast a few warding charms on it before standing in up and walking ten paces back and turned to face it. Taking up a duelling stance he cast a silencing charm on the area and got ready to cast spells at the target. He cast a bludging curse and followed it with three more in quick succession.

He quickly moved away from the dummy as if it was casting spells back and hit it with four Reducto's. Still moving he dived over a small bench and cast two killing curses, disappointed with himself when both missed only to hit the far hedge wilting part of it.

Harry was disappointed on how rusty his aim was, but he realised it could have something to do with the fact he was still getting used to having such a fit and healthy body. he knew his reactions were fasted now but he need to fine tune them. He also felt surprisingly good after casting the spells, he did not feel any drain on his magic at all.

Was it possible the Harry was more powerful magically the same as he was physically. He decided to test it, he had only ever tested his magical core once when he was in his own world because it by doing it he was left slightly drained. That was not a good thing when you were hunted by deranged killers. He had been able to cast eleven killing curses in a row back then, would this Harry be any better. There was only one way to find out and jumping up from his position behind the bench he squared his shoulder towards the target. He then set about casting the evil green curse as quick as he could. He amazed himself by getting to fourteen before he felt himself start to tire. He stopped knowing he could still cast more if he wanted too.

How interesting, if he took into consideration the earlier curses then he had cast sixteen killing curses and he had only just started to sweat. It was amazing, he was a lot more powerful in this body then he was in his own and he was no slouch back then. He was happier than he had been in a while, maybe this time he could stop Voldemort, with a lot more training of course.

Harry was filled with a new sense of hope as he returned to the manor and headed up to the bathroom for a well deserved soak. He

stripped off his sweat ridden clothes and stepped into the bath, he loved the way it felt against his slightly sore muscles.

About an hour later he got dressed and looking at the time he knew he should go wake his sister up. If she was anything like the girls he had gone to Hogwarts with she would want at least an hour to get ready to go shopping with him and their mother.

When he entered the room he saw her still lying asleep under her blankets. He watched her sleep for a few minutes before he nudged her gently awake. "Good morning Kaitlyn, Time to get ready" He said happily. She groaned in response "Don't tell me you're a morning person now Harry. You're way too happy about this whole shopping thing". Harry grinned knowing she was right he had been looking forward to this day ever since his mother brought up the idea.

Kaitlyn sat up and swung her legs off the bed "Why do you want me to come so badly, I thought you hated shopping especially for clothes".

"I want you there because I like having you around Kaitlyn you know that. Besides I know nothing about fashion so I'll need your help".

"So you finally admit that I've got better taste than you" She said japing a finger into his ribs.

"Yes of course, I mean have you seen some of the things that are in my wardrobe" Harry said laughing feeling so good that there was no awkwardness from their discussion the night before.

"Yes I have, but what do those dirty magazines have to do with fashion" she said as she put a small hand over her mouth to stop from laughing.

Harry got a confused look on his face before saying "Really .. I have dirty magazines".

Kaitlyn started laughing harder at him "Yes I found them when I was setting up your room, they were amongst your Quidditch magazines. I'll tell you what some of them are quite hot".

"Hmmm, I don't remember them. You sure Sirius didn't plant them"

"Maybe some of them but they were amongst the one you got last Christmas. I'll have to show you them latter, it'll be fun, you might even get hard again" Her sweet laughter making him smile despite himself. Harry had decided to play along with her little game of trying to embarrass him by saying "If your around I won't need a silly magazine to turn me on". Kaitlyn stopped laughing and looking lovingly into his eyes, she stood on tippy toe to kiss him.

"Thanks Harry"

"You better go get ready. I'll meet you down stairs" Harry said slowly breaking the embrace and walking out the door.

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When he got down stairs he meet a very Happy and fresh looking Lilly who was singing softly while she flipped some eggs. She looked a lot happier than she had for the last few days and Harry decided to comment on this fact after he greeted her.

"Good morning Mum, you're looking cheerful today". He said surprising her, she spun around and smiled wider when she saw him.

"Good morning to you too Harry, sleep well" She asked him. Harry felt his face get hot slightly as he thought about where he had slept. He shook himself mentally and hoped she did not notice his blush.

"It was great Mum".

"That's good to hear, I haven't asked you yet if you liked it here yet".

"It's great, There's so much more room here I love it".

Lily nodded happily at him and he sat down as she continued to make him a plate of food. When she was done she put the heavily laden plate in front of him and sat down next to his with her own. Harry looked at the frying pan slightly worried that his Mum may have

forgotten that her daughter was coming with them. He was relieved to see there was enough for her. He knew his father had left earlier for work so the food could only be for her.

"I don't know if I can eat all this Mum" Harry said honestly.

"Don't worry if you can't Harry, I just thought you'd want a little more after your run this morning"

"I'm sorry, did I wake you" suddenly frightened that she way have seen him practicing spells in the garden after his run.

"No but James said that's what you were doing when he left, I was still too tired to see if it was true" Harry just nodded and continued his best to eat the large quantity of food.

They we joined by Kaitlyn moments later and the meal continued until Harry could not fit one more thing down his throat. It was with a great effort that harry got up and followed his mum to the floo. She smiled as she stepped into the flames, while saying in a clear voice "Diagon alley". When she had disappeared his sister gave him a quick kiss and follow after their mother. Harry groaned, how would he be able to keep his hands off her today she made him so horny. Harry composed himself quickly before he too stepped in to the fireplace and was whisked away in a swirl of flames.

An hour later Harry got down from the stool in Madame Malkins robes for all occasions. He had just had all his school and dress robes resized and was feeling slightly sore, from all the prodding and poking. Harry had felt like a show horse on display as he had stood on the stool.

Madam Malkin told his mother that the robes would be ready for pickup in about half an hour. Nodding that they would be back at the appointed time they left the shop for the alley. When they had reached the street harry could see that it was starting to get a lot busier as it started to get nearer to lunchtime.

Meanwhile his mother had turned around to face her children. "Now that's over we can head to Muggle London to get the rest of your

clothes" Lily said to them, looking at her daughter expecting her to object to going anywhere near 'filthy Muggles'. Harry could see what was going on and quickly said "Ok Mum, why do you lead the way".

With a nod Lily turned around and lead them down the alley towards the leaky caldron. They passed through the pub without interruption and Harry was grateful not for the first time that in this new world he was not famous. He found that shopping was a much more pleasurable experience when he was not stoped every few steps to shake hands with strangers.

When they reached a main street that contained a lot of young teenagers hanging around laughing and joking Harry knew he was in the right place. He noticed that both sides of the street had shops selling fashionable items and he groaned as he realised how many there were. Hearing him groan his Mother smiled and said "Having second thoughts Harry".

He looked at her and seeing his sister smiling at him out of the corner of his eye he summoned his courage and said "No, let's just get this over and done with". What followed was something Harry was happy would not happen again for quite some time. After hours of posing in outfits chosen for him by his Mum, Sister and bubbly shop assistants who he wanted nothing more than to curse, he was done.

He had been completely spoiled, his Mum had not just bought him replacement clothes for the ones that were too small, no , she had bought him a whole new wardrobe. Three time they had to duck into a side alley to shrink the bags so that they could carry the bounty. Lily had even splashed out on her daughter after seeing her eying some nice 'Muggle' outfits. She had been so glad that her daughter was seemingly changed in her opinions of muggles that she had bought her five new outfits which included new swimmers and skirts, on Harry's recommendation.

Harry was a bit shocked with how skimpy the clothes his mother had bought his sister were. He was about to say something when he realised that if he did say something maybe his Mum would take them back. That was not something that Harry wanted, no, he wanted to see how sexy his sister would look in them. After seeing his sister

smile innocently at him after purchasing them and he knew that she already had plans for them and he wondered how it would involve him.

They Picked up his Robes from Madam Malkins and headed for an ice-cream before heading home. Lily was satisfied with the day's events and happily took the clothes up to Harry's room before she helped him make room for them in his wardrobe. He spent the next few hours before dinner with his Mother leisurely throwing out his old clothes and putting his new ones up. He was wondering where his sister had gone when they got home when the door opened to reveal a weary looking James.

"Hello precious" And then grinning he finished "O and you to Lily" His wife swatted at him as he got close to her.

"How was work James".

"Good, I'm a bit tired though. So how did the big shopping trip go, did you clear some much needed space in the old vault". Harry's father said smiling as he embraced his wife.

"Good Dad you should have seen her, I don't think I'll ever need to buy more clothes for the rest of my life". Harry responded earning a playful scowl from his mother.

"You needed new thing's and you'll be thanking me when you get a girlfriend. How you weren't embarrassed from wearing those old rag's for so long I'll never know" Lily said poking her tongue at her son happy when she saw him blush slightly at the girlfriend remark.

"Any way I brought some dinner home if you guys are hungry" James said as he untangled himself from Lily.

Both Lily and Harry nodded and followed James down the stairs as Harry wondered if he should go get his sister. But then if his dad had not thought to bring some for her she it would be a little problematic.

After they had filled themselves to the brim his father turned to his mother and asked "Would you mind if I went out tonight with Sirius.



He wants to show me this new pub in Wales and i couldn't say no". Seeing his wife scowl a little he added "I won't drink and I'll be home before nine. We can still ... umm". He glanced at his Son quickly before he stopped talking.

Harry knew he did not want to hear this sort of conversation, he got up quickly claiming he was tired from all the shopping he had done that day and grabbing a container of leftover food for his sister he headed up toward Kaitlyn's room. When he reached it what he saw stunned him in more ways than one.

Like paint stripper down your throat

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Harry knew he did not want to hear this sort of conversation, he got up quickly claiming he was tired from all the shopping he had done that day and grabbing a container of leftover food for his sister he headed up toward Kaitlyn's room. When he reached it what he saw stunned him in more ways than one.

Harry stood stunned as he looked through the crack in the door into his sister's room. She must have been trying on some of her new clothes as she had a short green mini skirt on and a black lace bra that he had seen purchased for her. She looked stunning sitting on her couch in the skimpy clothes, her lean midriff exposed for the first time to Harry. But that was not what had stopped Harry in his tracks, no; it was the fact that she had her skirt pulled up and was busy pushing slick fingers between her slightly spread legs.

He could see by the look on her face that she was enjoying herself a lot. His desire to watch outweighed his desire to quietly close the door and walk back to his own room. His desire grew as he watched her taunt body start to shiver. Her perfect toned legs spread further apart and Harry could almost see her nude pussy if it was not for the small viewing angle he was afforded.

Kaitlyn stared rubbing her tits as she sped up her fingers thrusting inside her slightly hidden pussy. Over and over she thrust her fingers inside her pleasure box, going deeper and faster with every stroke. Soft moans started to escape her lips and her breathing got heavier. Harry tried to take it all in at once, from her lean abdomen rippling under her pleasure to the slight pouting of her sexy mouth.

It was like a dream to Harry, the hottest girl he had ever seen was fingering herself. The hot view was taking its toll on Harry who had gotten hard the moment he had seen his sister's petite form. Never had he felt such a great desire before, he wanted nothing more than to march in and ravage Kaitlyn whether she wanted it or not.

But before he could move she suddenly jerked forward and let out a muffled scream of pleasure. Bucking backward and forwards as she sailed through an intense orgasm. It took her a few minutes to come down from her high and in that time Harry had slowly backed away from the door and slowly closed it without a sound. Part of him screaming at himself to enter the room and not let the moment pass, while another part of him was afraid.

He had willingly walked to his death at the hands of the scariest dark wizard in history and had felt less fear than he had in approaching his sister at that moment. He could not help but to think about her rejecting him. He was suddenly very unsure of himself. The last few days had been great for him and he did not want to blow it.

The door in front of him opened to reveal a still slightly perspiring Kaitlyn. "O ... Harry there you are, I was just coming to look for you". She stood there still in her skirt but she had put on a tight fitting shirt. Harry could smell the faint smell of arousal coming from her and the scene he had just witnessed came back to him in vivid detail.

She saw a strange look pass over her brother's face before it turned a slight shade of red. "Harry what's wrong did ..." Then it hit her, he must have seen what she had just done. But how, she had put the strongest locking and silencing charms she knew on the door.

"You saw me didn't you" she said carefully watching his reaction.

"No I ... I just ... umm" blushing a bit more, revealing to her that he had indeed seen her.

"Why you are just standing out here then, and why are you blushing".

"I'm sorry Kaitlyn I should have knocked first" Harry admitted knowing it was pointless to keep denying it.

Kaitlyn smiled widely "Come on Harry there's no need to be embarrassed" she said as she grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him into her room.

After they had sat down on her bed she looked at her brother noticing his nervous look.

"Harry come on what's wrong, it's not like you saw anything I didn't want you to".

Harry shook his head before answering "I know that I'm being a bit stupid, but I don't want to lose what we have, you know. It's like I'm expecting you to disappear just as I'm beginning to finally understand all this".

"Harry it doesn't have to be so complicated you know, I love you and I want you to feel happy".

"I love you too but I don't want this, to just be ... you know" God Harry thought what the hell is wrong with me I'm turning down an incredibly attractive girl. Not just that, he was also getting emotional about it, yes he loved her and he felt very protective of her but why was he acting like such a girl. He would never have acted like this before, somehow he had changed.

Kaitlyn's face softened and looked lovingly at him "It's because I'm your sister isn't it?"

Harry shook his head "No it's not that, I meant what I said last night. I really do want to get to know you better before we do anything like that. I care too much about you to ruin that".

Kaitlyn flung herself at him and grabbed him in a hug. "It's ok we don't have to do anything yet but please don't shut me out I couldn't handle that".

Harry brushed her hair from her face and moved his lips forward to give her a smouldering kiss. Kaitlyn pulled away slightly and gave him a strange look "I thought you just said ..."

"I might not be ready for that other stuff yet, but I couldn't live without this" He said.

Giggling Kaitlyn pushed him onto his back and straddled him. She then bent down over him letting her hair fall down around them like a curtain and kissed him deeply. The kiss lasted a few minutes before she broke it breathlessly. The next few hours were spent devoted to getting to know each other. Kaitlyn threw herself into getting to know Harry and telling him everything about her. Now she knew what was holding him back she worked hard to overcome it.

She was surprised at the new feelings that he had brought up inside her. Instead of being sad at him rejecting her advances she felt slightly grateful that he wanted her as a lover and not just a quick fuck. She thought she knew what love was but Harry was showing her how wrong she had been. It wasn't all about the physical, even though she was almost at the point of begging for him to take her. No he showed her that just being together, could be just as good.

It was almost three in the morning before they had fallen to sleep and she was happy that he was finally a bit more comfortable with her. They both had huge smiles on their faces as they fell asleep together.

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Two men appeared out of the front door of a Muggle club called the bearded dragon and stopped just outside. Sirius turned to his friend James and grinned in a way that lit up the night "Did I tell you it was going to be good or what".

James slightly drunk even though he had promised his wife he would not drink said "It was brilliant, but I don't think we should tell Lily about the fact that there were strippers".

"Marauders honour ... she'll never hear it from me. You know what; I've just had the best idea. We should bring Harry here for his birthday or better yet, next Saturday. He deserves to let his hair down after what happened".

James thought about it for a bit, it would not be hard to get him in to the club as Muggles could be fooled so easily. No that was not the problem, James was not sure Harry was ready for a strip club. He would not have hesitated in taking Harry before the incident but now

he did not know, how would his son react. "I don't know Sirius he's had a bit of a rough time lately. I don't know if he would be willing to come to a place like this just yet".

"Are you serious James, of cause he would, he's a teenager".

"No I'm not Serious James I'm James Potter remember" Not being able to resist the age old joke

"Ha-ha James that's getting so old. But why would he not want to come?" Sirius said looking at his friend intently.

Sighing James put his arm around his friend and said "There are a few things about Harry's recent ordeal that I haven't told you yet. I hadn't planned to tell you actually, but since Harry only asked for lily not to be told I guess I can tell you. But you have to promise to keep it a secret, lily can't find out".

Sirius looked worried; it must be bad if James had planned on keeping it a secret from him. They told each other everything. "Of course James I'd never betray you, you know that".

James nodded sadly before he continued "Well you know that Harry was tortured, but what you don't know is Bellatrix also raped him, several times apparently".

Sirius paled upon hearing that his godson was further abused by his cousin "Damn, I can see why he might not want to come, but you should at least ask him. It might be just what he needs to take his mind off things".

James nodded saying that he would ask him the next day. He then bid farewell to Sirius.

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The next morning Harry got up and without waking his sister got ready for his run. He quickly pulled on some of the new clothes his mum had purchased him. As he walked past a mirror he could not help but marvelled at how well the new clothes fit him. The clothes

and this new body he had when so well together that for the first time in Harry's life he was content with the image looking back at him.

He smiled at the reflection for a moment before walked out the door and down the stairs. He was looking forward to today's run after what happened last night. He needed to get rid of a bit of stress. He still could not believe some of the things he had said. It was like he was going soft, for years he had lived on the run. He had fort countless battles and seen so many innocents slaughtered. Why was it so hard for him to be intimate with Kaitlyn? It's not like he did not know what to do, but for some reason he felt like a stuttering blob when it came to going any further with her.

She was a beautiful teenage girl and he was defiantly attracted to her. He cared for her a great deal and that was perhaps the problem. He loved her and did not want to hurt her. He also knew that deep down he had a strong need to be loved. Something he was sure he could blame the Dursleys and then Voldemort for.

Shaking his head he decided that he would do a bit of soul searching before he started exercising. Clearing his head he delved deep into his mind with the intent to see how his defences were holding up.

About a half hour later he discovered something rather peculiar, hidden right at the back of his mind. It was a memory, no, it was lots of memories and they were not his. Normally a foreign memory would be detected very quickly but these memories were slightly different. While he could tell they were not his, they did seem very similar to how his own memories looked.

Bringing one memory to the front of his mind, it showed him a scene where he was in the library at Hogwarts. He followed his younger self as he walked along the rows of books until he got to a door, the one that led to the restricted section. He watched as young Harry opened the door and casually walked inside. That was strange Harry had only ever remembered visiting the restricted section once and that was at night. Here he was middle of the day with students everywhere.

Then it hit him these were his memories. Only they were from this worlds Harry and not his own. Harry sunk into the memories and set

to sorting them into his own memories. He made sure to tag them just in case he needed to turf them in the future.

For the next few hours Harry set about learning all about his counterpart. By the time his father found him he had completely integrated his mind with his younger self. He felt very strange now though, he now had a new feeling of love for his family. It was like he had known them all his life but at the same time it felt like he didn't.

What was even stranger were the new thoughts he had about his sister. The new part of him had always loved her, but most defiantly not in the way his older self did. Harry put a block on these feelings, he did not want to feel guilty or disgust with himself every time he looked at Kaitlyn. It was hard enough when he was being intimate with her as it was. By doing this he had only increased his feelings of love for her, and now he had memories of growing up with her. It made him feel like he knew more about her now then he had known about anyone else and it brought him pleasure.

Harry looked up and saw his dad standing in front of him looking at him strangely. He felt a new affection of this man; it seemed James relationship with Harry had been more like that of close friend, then of father and son.

"Hi Dad what's happening" Harry asked wondering how long he had been standing there.

"Not much Harry, Are you ok?" He asked concerned. James had been watching Harry for a few moments and was slightly scared at the completely blank look he had seen on his sons face just moments ago. It was like Harry had zoned out. Maybe Harry wasn't as ok as he said he was after their talk the other night.

"Yes, actually for the first time in a while I feel completely fine" He said giving his dad a dashing smile. He knew that the original Harry was fond of that particular look, especially when it came to girls. His dad seeing the familiar look felt himself ease a bit. Maybe he was over what had happened, and Sirius may have been right. But he would never admit that to his best friend, he had a big enough head as it was.



"It's good to see that you're back to your old self again, I've missed your laughter around the house". James took the seat next to Harry.

"So what's up dad, felt like a bit of a stroll. Walking to the gate to get the paper or something" Harry asked.

"No, but why would I need to go to the gate to get the paper the owl has already dropped it off" James responded looking a bit confused.

"Muggle saying dad, it's not meant to be taken literal. Well actually it is but that's not the point"

"Did you pick up that saying from that Granger girl that we've heard so much about? I thought you were rivals, bit of spice romance on the side hey" His father said waggling his eyebrows gleefully.

It was just like his dad, his new memories had shown how he always tried to get any relationship Goss out of him. He and Sirius took it as their life work to embarrass him and give him 'advice' about the opposite sex. James advice was usually bad and Sirius's was surprisingly good, at least most of the time.

"No dad Granger's just, well I wouldn't even call her a friend".

"O'well that's a shame, anyway what I wanted to know was if you wanted to come out for a night out on Saturday. Just you me and Sirius, it'll be fun".

"Sure dad is there a night game of Quidditch or something".

"Well not exactly no; see Sirius thought it was time to take you to a club".

"What sort of club are we talking about dad?"

"Well it's a Muggle club ... and well it'll be educational for you".

"Educational Huh".

James nodded enthusiastically.

"It's a strip club isn't it"?

James stopped nodding and his eyes went wide in surprise.

"How did you know"?

Harry shook his head at him.

"You said Sirius suggested it so it was either that or a brothel. But I guess it could have been a bondage bar too".

"What's a bondage bar"?

"It's where they tie you up and you know".

"How the hell do you know that ... ahhh never mind. So what do you think, I know after everything that's happened over the last few weeks you might not be completely into it. But you'll have me and Sirius with you the whole time and if you start to feel uncomfortable we could just leave".

Harry just smiled at his dad, he was obviously still worried about the Bella incident and it filled Harry with warmth. He had always wondered how it would be like to have a dad that looked after him and it was all he had hoped it would be.

"I told you I was ok with everything that has happened. But can we just go to a regular club instead; I don't think it's fair on mum for you to be ogling naked ladies, especially not on my watch".

"Come on Harry it would just be a bit of fun, you know I love your mother more than life itself. But your right we can just go to a regular club".

Harry started to nod but then stopped "and it has to be after my birthday to. I don't want to have to lie to mum about where we're going".

James sagged a little "aww Come on harry where's your sense of adventure. You call yourself the son of a marauder".

Harry laughed "No you call me the son of a marauder, but I'm not so sure. Unless Remus is my father he at least has some brains about him".

Harry watch as his father slowly got what he just said and quickly started on his run.

"Why you little bugger get back here. I'll have you know Remus never got any ware near my lily flower".

James finished jumping up and down now that Harry was out of shouting range.

"Remus and Lily, what a joker. Actually that would explain a lot ....".

James ran towards the house shouting "LILY".

He found his darling wife, who was peacefully reading a book in the library. He marched up to her and dropped to his knees dramatically. She ignored him as she always did when he was acting like this. Seeing no reaction from her he sighed loudly. Still nothing, so he repeatedly sighed, all the while getting increasingly louder, until she finally threw her book down.

"What is it now James".

James threw himself around her middle in a hug.

"Tell me it isn't true" he wailed.

"What isn't true James".

"Harry, he just told me you're secret. The one you've been hiding from me for years".

"Which secret James, there's so many I'm starting to lose track of them".

"That Remus is Harry's true father".

Lily rolled her eyes, she picked up her book and hit him over the head with it.

"Harry is your spitting image you silly man".

"That's true, I didn't think of that" he said rubbing his head.

"So does that mean you still love me, My Lily flower".

"Only when you're quiet James".

"But I'm never quiet".

"Exactly" Lily said with a slight smirk.

"Hey" Was James's indignant reply and he launched himself into tickling her sides.

"James. No .... Stop it... Please" And the room was filled with the sound of magical laughter.

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When Harry was finally finished he was happy to note that he had already improved remarkably. He had completed two whole laps of the compound in about the same time that he had done a single lap only a week ago. Feeling chuffed at his progress he decided to see his mum and say good afternoon before he had a bath. So with that in mind Harry went looking through the house for her.

He checked the kitchen first but found it empty. Quickly grabbing a slice of cake he started to chew it as he walked toward the second floor, where he knew the library to be. He expected to see his mum organising shelves or leisurely reading. He was shocked then, when he came upon both his mum and dad. Which would have been fine if it had not been for the fact, that his dad, had his tongue down his

mums throat and hands wandering to places that Harry was sure were illegal on her.

He spat out a bit of the cake he was only moment ago chewing and looked at them in shock. It only took him a moment to process the situation and he quickly blocked the emotion turmoil he was feeling now that he had the original Harry's memories. Left with a bit more of a logical outlook meant Harry was not that disgusted. He was actually feeling happy as he looked at his parents, after all these years together and they still acted like love struck teenagers.

"Haven't you guys heard about broom cupboards" Harry said allowed scaring both his parents by his sudden presence.

"O my god .... Harry" Lily said blushing fiercely as she quickly removed James wayward hands.

All James could do is grin sheepishly at Harry and did not attempt to move.

"How about I continue upstairs for my bath, which should give you about half an hour to get this out of your system and then we'll have a little chat about locking charms ok". Harry said laughing. He felt so free inside at the fact that he could embarrass his parents in this way. They both looked at him guiltily as they nodded to him, not daring to say a word. Still laughing Harry turned on his heel and continued into his room. Where he quickly grabbed a new set of clothes and got ready to take a well deserved soaking.

As he submersed himself into the warm water moments later, he could not help but think how lucky he was. His life was literally at an end only weeks ago, but now he had two loving parents and a sister. Not to mention that he was love with said sister, and she, he knew loved him back. Life for Harry could not get much better.

Meanwhile back in the library lily was waking her 'dear' husband around the head.

"How could you forget something as simple as a locking charm. I've never been so embarrassed in my life. It was worse than that time your parents caught us on the front step".

"I'm sorry I forgot, but come on Lily flower it's not that bad. I mean Harry did care what we were doing. Beside you heard him teasing us, he doesn't care.

"That's beside the point, what if he had have come in a few moments later. There are some things that kids just should not know about their parents. How would you have felt if you walked in on your parents when you were younger".

"You're right that is very disturbing. But we don't need to be embarrassed about what we did".

"Whatever James I'm going down stairs of some tea. Harry will be down soon and it'll be time to face the music".

"Ok lily"

"And James"

"Yes dear"

"If you make one joke about what just happed I'll kill you".

James shivered under her glare "Yes dear"

When Harry got down the stairs it the scene he came upon was so sombre it was like someone had died. Both his parents had slightly blank looks on their faces as they nursed their cups of tea. He noticed that they had set a place out for him. Apparently they had taken him seriously when he had told them he wanted a 'little chat'.

Before he could say anything his mum looked up at him and told him to sit.

"Harry we just wanted to say ..."

But Harry wasn't going to have it, he put up his hand silencing her.

"There's no need to say anything mum, what happens between you two is a natural thing, I get that. And I'm glad you guys still love each other, but I really don't need to know about it. How about I just congratulate you two on your happy marriage and next time you keep it to your own rooms".

"Umm ... I ... Harry your handling this rather well" James said blushing.

"I lost you guys once and I'm not about to let the happiness I now have at having you both back, come crashing down just because of some awkward moment. From now on, bedrooms can be a private place and anyone entering one not their own, should knock first. Agreed." Harry finished looking serious.

"Sure Harry" Lily responded with a hint of pride in her eyes.

"Now wand's out and say after me 'Mortis Arestos'. Harry said pulling his wand out and casting a locking charm on the far kitchen door".

"Harry you can't do that your still underage. You'll be expelled". Lily said surprised that her son would be so dumb.

Harry just laughed "No I won't. There's no tracking charm on my wand any more. You didn't think an establishment as dumb as the ministry would be able to stop me did you. No offence of cause dad."

"None taken Harry. I don't think I've ever been more proud of you" James said beaming at Harry for his blatant rule breaking. Lily meanwhile just shook her head in shock.

"How long have you been able to cast spells without the ministry learning about it.

"Umm ... a couple of years" Harry laughed at the contrasting expression on his parents face.

After a few moments of silence Harry turned to his father. The real reason he had shown them he could cast spell with getting in trouble was so he could practice duelling.

"So dad, you up for a friendly duel. Marauders honour on the line and all that".

James's face split into a solid laugh "You're on Harry. Done worry ill go easy on you"

Harry smirked "I think the only think easy about the duel will be your defeat".

What followed was the strangest duel Harry had ever had. It was true that his father was a transfiguration expert but he also had the most peculiar tactics. Harry had never fought anyone who was so indirect. Usually his duals with death eaters would be strait at the throat, with lethal spell. His father meanwhile built up using cleaver traps and pranks to try and fool Harry.

James too learnt a lesson, after the first few defeats at the hands of his son who he was proud to say could duel exceptionally well. He was better than most second year Auror recruits even, not realising of course that Harry was holding back slightly. Harry had to of course since his main arsenal of spell could not be used in this duel. He did not want the kill or mutilate his dad after all.

The third duel they had, James decide to go all out and fifteen minutes later had pined Harry under a huge pink elephant while a monkey made of jelly stole his wand and ran off with it.

Harry sat up laughing when James had returned his wand. While it had been a huge learning experience for Harry he had never had so much fun in a duel before.

"Well done Harry. I've never seen such quick reflexes before. Seriously, have you thought about what you're going to do after you finish school. With your grades and skill you could easily make it through the Auror program. I know we talked about it before but I



think you should seriously start thinking about what you're going to do".

Harry felt his heart warm from his dad's kind praise. Harry would love nothing more than to make his parents proud by going through the Auror academy, but he also knew he had bigger fish to fry. He needed to stay at Hogwarts if he wanted to make the biggest impact in the upcoming war.

"I don't know if I really want to be an Auror dad. I mean it's a great profession but I want to do something a bit less dangerous".

"Like what Harry, You're not still set on Quidditch are you. I know you've got the skill to make it. But don't you want to do something a bit more worthwhile. I could get you a job with the ministry quite easily".

Harry wondered what he should tell his dad. He needed to be at Hogwarts but James would never believe that Harry would be accepted into a teaching role so soon after graduating. Harry knew that one talk with Dumbledore would get him the job, regardless of how adept he was. Dumbledore would jump at the chance to keep Harry under his watchful eye. Especially once Harry made it clear to the old professor that the prophecy was still valid.

"I'm actually thinking of taking a year off to travel a bit, maybe even do a bit of tutor work. Then I'm going to try and apply for a teaching job. Professor McGonagall told me I could make a good teacher when we had our career day". Which she had indeed told this world's Harry during the career day, at the end of his owl year.

"Teaching Harry".

"Yeah sure, you don't think I could do it".

"That not what I meant Harry. I'm sure you could do anything you put your mind to. It just ... I guess I never pictured you as a teacher. It's not the most glamorous job that's for sure.

"Well we can all be dashing Auror captains, can we"

"I didn't mean that"

"I know dad. It's just something I feel I need to do. Have you never felt something pulling you to it in such a way that all reason goes out the window". Harry said eyes full of emotion as he thought about the future that he must change.

"Yes I have Harry, it was in my seventh year too. Only it was Lily that I was pulled towards, no matter what got in the way I made sure I found a way to make it come true. There were lots of obstacle too I can tell you, but in the end a determined Potter will always succeed. My only advice is to go for your goals and leave nothing to chance".

"Thanks dad".

"Now it's starting to get late and if I know your mum she will be getting dinner ready soon".

Together both father and son walked back into the house that to Harry at least, was the first true home he had ever known.

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Dinner was a quiet affair for the Potter family. Which basically just meant Sirius was not in attendance. Harry was feeling sad again as he had not seen Kaitlyn since he had awoken that morning. He wondered how she could be so confident with some things but so nervous and withdrawn with others. He knew the reason so would not eat with the rest of the family was because she was afraid of being rejected. She was afraid that if she came down her parents might say something to her.

But what made Harry truly sad was the fact that his parents did not really care if she ate with them or not. It had become such a main stay over the last few years that they almost forgotten she existed. How could such loving parents become so set in their prejudices not to see what it was doing to their own daughter. Part of Harry wanted to yell at them until they saw reason, but he knew they would have to learn that particular lesson on their own.

Absently Harry chewed his food as he listened to his dad talk about some colleague at work, who had some interesting morals. He returned to thinking of Kaitlyn and it made his heart lighten. The closest he had ever come to feeling like this was the way he felt when he returned to Hogwarts after a summer at the dreaded Dursleys. It pained him to think of what she had gone through to get where she was now.

And it finally seemed that she was starting to get out of the hole she had been in when Harry had first awoken. If that was because of how she felt for him then who was he to argue with what they had.

Picking up his now empty plate Harry placed it in the sink for the auto cleaning charm to attend to. He excused himself saying he was tired after his run and the duel with his father. He made one last passing remark about broom closets before he headed up stairs to his room. When he got there he put the strongest locking charm on his door that he knew. He then used the access through the shared bathroom to get into his sisters room.

He expected to see her on her bed reading one of his school books that she had requested just last night. But he didn't see her at first, he did however here her. The sound that floated to his ears tore his heart out, she was sobbing. Harry walked towards to sound and found her in a Fetal position behind her couch.

She looked the epitome of sadness and despair. Her eyes had dark lines flowing from them, where mascara had run from the tears she had shed. She was sitting in a red silk dress, the one he had seen Lily buy the young teen. It was tight fitting and still looked exceptional on her despite her state.

Another thing that stood out was the half drunken bottle of Firewhiskey. She must have dressed up before she started drinking.

Sighing Harry bent down over the shaking teen and pulling his wand he summoned a sobering potion. Catching the vial he put it to her lips and she drank it without question. After she had down the potion harry scooped her up and walked her to her bed. He settled her down

and climbed onto the bed next to her. Her held her and stroked her hair as the potion brought her back to her senses.

The potion took hold but instead of calming her she sobbed more.

"What's wrong Kaitlyn"

"I'm sorry Harry. I wanted to look good for you but I ruined it".

"What do you mean"

"After you left this morning I thought id ... do ... this" She said gesturing to her dress and makeup

"I thought that if you saw me like this id be more desirable to you. But I couldn't find the courage to leave my room. I hoped you would come back but when you didn't ... I'm sorry Harry".

"Kaitlyn I meant what I said the other day I don't care if you wore a tent id still find you attractive. You're the most beautiful person I've ever seen. You didn't need to dress up to prove it, although I do appreciate what you were trying to do".

Kaitlyn held Harry tighter "I know I'm being silly but ..."

Harry silenced her with a smouldering kiss and grind as he heard her moan into it. He felt her small had come to rest on the side of his face. He tingled slightly at the point of contact between them. They continued to kiss passionately and Harry realised Kaitlyn was slowly manoeuvring him onto his back with her alongside him. Slowly she extended her luxurious leg over his mid section and held it so she was slowly stroking him with her inner thigh.

Harry was defiantly in heaven, it was a wonderful feeling. Kaitlyn pulled her hands down from his face and slowly slipped them under him shirt. She stated to lightly caress his abdominal muscles on the way to his chest. Kaitlyn moaning got louder as she felt the rippling muscle under her. Continuing to move her leg Harry could feel himself start to get a throbbing erection.

Kaitlyn must have noticed too as she slowly moved position breaking the kiss for a moment. Using this moment to slide his pelvis slightly away from her leg and relieving the tight constricted feeling of himself push hard against his shorts. Moaning Kaitlyn pushes herself up on her elbows and looks deeply into his eyes. Why did he keep trying to stop her from going any further.

"Harry I'm sick of this" she pouted

"What"

"Why did you pull away. I know your uncomfortable with doing anything with me but it's getting ridiculous. I've had enough of all this pussyfooting around, Now I'm going to slid my hand down and you are not going to stop me".

"Kaitlyn I was just a bit uncomfortable with ..."

"No Harry shut up, I'm doing this so you get out of this stupid nervousness you have around me. You saw me masturbate, so what, why can't we just move on. I love you, you don't need to be embarrassed with me. So what your bloody problem".

"I was just going to say that I pulled away because I was feeling a bit constricted Kaitlyn. It was starting to hurt a bit actually"

She laughed "Really, so you didn't pull away because you didn't want me touching you"

Harry shook his head

She paused her hand resting on the top of his shorts, and with a pout "Damn it Harry the moments gone. Now it feels too strange".

Harry laughed and grabbed her rolling her on top of him. How about we just get back to what we were doing before. I'm sure it'll all come back to you".

She grinned widely "I love it when your confident. Why can't you be like this all the time".

Giving her a roguish grin that he would soon learn she was quite fond of, he said "It's your fault, I only get like this around beautiful girls".

Laughing they resumed kissing and all awkwardness left the two teenage lovers. They continued to kiss for a while but never getting back to the passion they were at before.

"Harry"

"Yes" Harry responded between kisses

"I love you"

Harry broke off the kiss and dropped back onto the pillow next to her

"I love you too Kaitlyn".

They both lay in each other's arms as Kaitlyn asked about his day. Soon after they both fell asleep exhausted after the long emotional day they had both had. The moment of awkwardness still unresolved, at least for the moment.

A bit of spatula

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They both lay in each other's arms as Kaitlyn asked about his day. Soon after they both fell asleep exhausted after the long emotional day they had both had. The moment of awkwardness still unresolved, at least for the moment.

The next day dawned brightly through Kaitlyn's windows, throwing the room into a soft warmth. Harry awoke to find himself spooning Kaitlyn while she slept. He marvelled at how good it felt to be so close to her. Her firm teen butt was pressed hard into the front of Harry's pelvis. Harry had to stop himself from moving further onto his sister, knowing that getting an erection right now would not help him. Not this early in the morning anyway.

He lay there just watching his sister, as she peacefully slept. Last night he had been so close to giving in to her wishes. He thought he would feel bad about it but he did not. If she wanted to go further than so be it. Harry had made up his mind to let her, encourage her even. He had been stupid about refusing her.

Because of her last few relationships Harry had wanted to show her that he was different. He wanted her to be confident again, independent and head strong. Just like she had been before she had started Hogwarts.

Silently Harry untangled himself from his sister and made his way to the bathroom. Before he even got two feet away he heard a moan. Turning back towards the bed he saw Kaitlyn looking at him through her squinting eyes.

"Harrrry" she moaned disappointed that he left her bed.

"Go back to sleep Kaitlyn, I'm just going to have a bath then I'll be back. Don't worry, we have all day to be together" Harry said trying to comfort her. Seeing her nod he continued into the bathroom and shut the door behind him not bothering to lock it.

Kaitlyn yawned stretching like a kitten, for a moment she contemplated going back to sleep. But stopped when she heard water start gushing in the bathroom signalling that Harry was filling up the bath. She grinned wickedly as a two words came to her mind, Harry - naked. This was Perfect, now was her chance to take their relationship to the next level.

She sprang up and ran to her dresser located on the far side of her room. She grabbed her new green bikini and changed into it. Hearing the water stop flowing she waited for a few minutes to make sure Harry would be naked and in the water. While she waited she adjusted the close fitting outfit in the mirror. Kaitlyn would never wear something this revelling in public that's for sure, but she hoped that Harry would like it.

She saw the way Harry had been looking at her lately and defiantly knew that he was attracted to her. But hopefully when he saw her almost popping out of the tight bikini he would feel as much desire for her as she did for him.

"Well this is it" she said to herself, part of her still fearful of outright rejection. With one last look in the mirror she walked over to the door and opened it. Confidently and with a slight sway of her hips she walked over to the the huge bath and sat down on the edge. She saw her brother looking very surprised as she made herself comfortable.

"Kaitlyn ... Wow" He was shocked when he had heard the door open, but once he saw the outfit she had on he was blown away, this goddess couldn't be Kaitlyn surely. He could see what she was planning to do to. She had him at a disadvantage, Harry was completely naked and his clothes were on the other side of the room.

"You Like it Harry. I'm not sure its revealing enough" she said grabbing her firm tits with both hands and touched them around seductively. Harry just gaped at her, not caring that he was staring at her in hunger.

Seeing him like a stunned fish made her a bit giddy. Smiling widely she threw her luxurious legs over the side and hung them in the water.



"ooohh ... That feels so good" She moaned in a husky voice only turning Harry on more.

"You wouldn't mind if I joined you, would you Harry".

Harry's mind was like mush he had zoned out everything but the stunning beauty in front of him. All he could do in response was gulp nervously and whisper his allowance hoarsely.

"No ... "

"Great"

She let herself drop into the water marvelling at how the warmth spread through her. She relaxed into the water and closed her eyes. Harry meanwhile became aware of just how turned on he was. His cock was like solid steel, pointing strait out towards where his sister was relaxing.

After a few minutes Kaitlyn opened her eyes again and looked at Harry. He was still motionless staring at her, soap still in hand. She smiled seductively at him as a naughty thought came to her mind.

"Can you wash my back for me Harry, I can never seem to get to it properly"

Harry's eyes widened slightly, he looked down at the soap in his hands and then back up to her. Meanwhile Kaitlyn had turned around and made it look like she was having trouble with undoing neck strap.

"A little help please" She said as she turned and gave him a smouldering look, completing it with a small pout as she held her hair up for him.

"Ummm"

Harry gulped again, he could barely think strait. He knew she was doing this on purpose, to try and help him get comfortable with her. He knew she wanted to have a sexual relationship with him and up

until now he had resisted it. Not because he was truly that uncomfortable with doing things with her, but because of how she had been treated by men in the past. Men or boys rather, that she had felt she was in love with. They had treated her more like a toy for their own pleasure than as an equal partner.

Harry had wanted to show her that she did not need to 'put out' for him to like her. Harry would have been quite Happy just to be able to spend time with her. While he had made up his mind to do whatever she wanted to do, he vowed never to take advantage of her. He would make love to her if she told him to, but he would show her she meant more to him than that. Never would he use her and god help anyone else who did.

"Come on Harry, please" she whined slightly as he had not moved.

Hearing her sweet voice broke Harry out of his thoughts. He took a deep breath and with a new determined outlook he moved towards her, cutting easily through the warm water. When he reached her he noticed for the first time how small she really was. He towered over the petite seductress, with her only coming up to his toned chest. Looking down into her eyes as she looked backwards at him, he gave her a small smile before saying.

"Sure Kaitlyn"

He lifted his slightly shaking hands to the knot at the top of her bikini. It took him only one pull to free it and he saw the ends disappear as the top fell into the water slightly. Without being told he undid the bottom tie as well. Kaitlyn now freed of the tight top pulled it away from her body and threw it onto the side of the bath.

Harry stared soaping up his hands as he watched Kaitlyn's back muscles rippled on her naked back. She moved her arms up and out from her body, to come to rest on the side. Moving forward slightly

Harry put his hand tentatively on his sister shoulders and started massage her. Kaitlyn let out a loud moan and shivered slightly as he touched her. This was going better than she had thought it would.

Harry moved his massage along the tops of her arms for a while before feeling a bit braver. He started to explore down her back more. Kaitlyn was in a state of bliss, Harry was making her so horny with that gentle touch of his.

Remembering to soap his hands again Harry continued to move lower until he was gently caressing her lower back. Kaitlyn released a contented sigh and then purred as he focused on the small of her back. Harry could tell she really liked him massaging her there so he spent a few minutes devoted to just that area.

"Ooohh Harry that feels soooo good" She moaned in a way that made sure his raging hard on never had a hope of going down. A few minutes later and Harry moved to put his hands on her sides. He had to fight an almost overwhelming desire to rip off her skimpy bikini bottom and just start thrusting himself into her. Part of him didn't even care if he hurt her or not.

He quickly reined in that desire and forced himself to think of something else. While he fought this secret battle for control of his desires his hands had stopped their caressing of Kaitlyn and were just holding onto her.

Kaitlyn not knowing what he was thinking about was contemplating the same thing. Wishing for the moment when he finally took her, not caring when he did, only that he would. But she also knew it would not be today and probably wouldn't even be any time in the next week.

Sighing in disappointment that her massage was over, she reached for his hands on her sides and pulled them away from her. She sunk slightly into the water and reached for her top. She would have loved nothing better than to keep it off, but she knew that by doing so would probably be counterproductive.

When she had fixed her bikini top back on she turned around and said "Your turn now, turn around".

Harry could only nod slightly disappointed that he had had to stop touching her. He turned around and moved towards the wall she had

just occupied. Leaning into it he sunk down, having to angle sideways so he did not scrape his manhood on the tiles. He took a deep breath in anticipation as he waited for his sister to slather her hands with the soap he gave her.

Moments later he felt her small hands start to work their magic on his shoulders, noticing for the first time how sore he was.

"God your tense Harry. Try to relax a little bit" he heard her say.

As she worked her hands deeper Harry could not help but to release a moan. He realised that he had never before received a massage, but he knew that the one he was getting was special.

"ohhh that feels great Kat" Harry said lost in a state of pleasure.

Kaitlyn giggled "What did you say Harry"

"Huh" Harry grunted slightly startled, he had no idea what she was taking about.

"What you just said?"

"That your hands feel sooo good" Harry said moaning again as his sisters hands started to move outwards.

"No after that"

"ummm"

"You called me Kat. You haven't called be that in years " she said grinning, although he could not see it.

"O ... Sorry .." Harry stuttered hoping he had not upset her as he tried to remember if she had hated that name in the past.

"Don't be sorry Harry, I don't mind. In fact I loved it when you called me that. It feels nice you know" Kaitlyn said with emotion coming into her voice.

"Really" Harry sighed in relief that he had not said anything wrong.

"Sure it's a fitting nickname for you to call me. I mean I'll be your 'pussy' any day, all day". She huskily said emphasising the word pussy by pressing up against him.

Harry just moaned as he felt her body against him, tingling everywhere their skin was in contact. Kaitlyn went back to massaging her brother and after a few minutes had finished. She had to physically drag herself away from her caressing of his taunt muscular body. After feeling his strong body moving under her fingers she could not help the desire she had for the day that she thought would never come. The day that he was tensed over her, his taunt body quivering under the strain of pounding into her with a reckless abandon.

She shook herself out of the hot fantasy and focused on the task at hand. If she played this right she just may get a bit closer to that day, when he would finally take her. moving back from him she put the soap on the opposite side of the bath and turned to see Harry facing her. He looked as disappointed as she felt at the end of their massage session.

Knowing that her plan was still only halfway through Kaitlyn gestured for Harry to come over to her, with a curled finger. Harry still filled with a fiery passion reacted immediately to her summons and waded over to her. When he had reached her Kaitlyn moved up a few steps until she was slightly over him.

Looking down at her brother she grabbed his head with both hands and gave him the most passionate kiss they had ever shared. She could feel the raw desire she felt for him start to pour into the kiss and they deepened it. Her tongue started to probe his, running up and down his until they seemed to be lost as one. She wanted him so bad, she needed him.

After what felt like no time at all she broke the kiss and rested her forehead against his. Harry still had not opened his eyes, having closed them when the kiss had started. When he did open them all he could see were a pair of identical emerald eyes looking back at him.

They were alight with desire and need. Harry knew in that moment he would do anything for her, even if that meant his own death. She could order him to jump off the astronomy tower and he would not even give it a moment's thought.

Kaitlyn couldn't help but be a bit overwhelmed by the love and emotion that she could see in her brothers eyes. It was like nothing else in the world mattered except their love. Their unquestioning love. It took Kaitlyn all the willpower she possessed to back away from him and get out of the bath.

She grabbed her towel and wiped herself down before turning back to see Harry still unmoved in the bath. Giggling slightly at the dumb look on his face she said "Come on Harry out you get".

Harry obeyed without thought, and climbed out of the bath. He thought nothing of his nakedness or the fact that he was still as hard as a rock. He was pointing strait at Kaitlyn, giving her, her first view of his enlarged member. Harry did not even notice as his sisters eyes went wide at seeing Him. She had thought he was of average size when she felt him in bed the other night. At least the same size as her previous partners, but she was wrong. He was not as big as some of the men she had seen in his magazines, but she had always thought no one would be. Not without some sort of enlargement charm.

But here he was, and he must have been almost half again bigger then even Cedric, not to mention a lot wider. She had only had sex a handful of times with the handsome Hufflepuff, but she had always felt a little sore afterwards. What would it be like to have Harry inside her, could she even take him. What Kaitlyn didn't know, was that all her previous partners had been less than average and while Harry was bigger than normal, his cock was no monster.

Pulling herself out of her surprise she held up her towel and stepped towards Harry, wrapping it around him. She gently started to dry him, all the while Harry just stood there and let her. He watched her as she progressed down his chest and onto his stomach and hips. Kaitlyn then squatted down on her heels and dried the water from his legs. Her head was but inches from his cock and she could not help but stare at it. She took in every inch of it seeing a drop of pre-cum

glistening on the tip, making her pussy get even wetter. He had a perfect cock she decided as she glanced up at him.

Harry watched as his sister was transfixed with him and wondered what she was thinking. He would have been a bit more self aware if he was in his old body. But in this new one, he was healthy and had suffered no type of malnutrition. Because of this he was leaner, fitter and as Harry could see now much bigger. Who knew that diet and exercise in the formative years of life could change so much.

Harry gasped out of his thoughts as he felt the towel wrap around his rock hard shaft. He almost fell down as he went weak at the knees. Kaitlyn had stood back up in front of him and started to massage him through the soft material. His eyes met hers and he could not help but grin sheepishly at her. Seeing him grin at her was all she needed to step up their little game.

Smiling back at him she let the towel slip and gather at their feet, his cock springing up at the loss of the weight.

"oops" she said innocently as she moved her hand to touch his throbbing member.

Harry jerked slightly as her small hands came into contact with his naked flesh. Slowly she stroked her hands towards the base of his solid extremity, only stopping when she reached his base. Harry groaned under the intense feeling, his heart beating a million times a second. Putting her right hand solidly around him she continued to stroke him marvelling at how hot he felt in her hand.

His skin moved over small powerful rides that felt like pure muscle to her. She slowed down her stroking and held his cock firmly at the base of it. Looking back into his eyes she noticed his dilated pupils focus on her, his breath slightly laboured.

"You've defiantly grown since I last saw you" she said referring to the time they had bathed together as kids. Harry had never felt so powerful as he did now, standing throbbing in the small hands of his sisters as he looked down at her cute face. He was starting to get addicted to the feeling, wanting the moment to never end.

Harry saw Kaitlyn suddenly smile wickedly at him and he knew it could only mean more pleasure for him and he welcomed it with open arms. Slowly she dropped to her knees. At one point in the movement she used her grip on him to help steady her, this caused a gasp of pleasure to slip from Harry's lips. Kaitlyn rested on her knees in comfort, the discarded towel under her as she again looked up at him.

Looking deeply into his eyes she opened her mouth and moved forward. Slowly she took the head of his steel rod passed her lips. Stretching them around him as she dragged her soft tongue over the tip, savouring the taste of his pre-cum. He let out a deep moan as he felt her gently start to suck on him, her hot little mouth doing him wonders.

She watched as Harry's eyes rolled up into his head and his legs began to weaken slightly. He was breathing deeper now almost like he was panting. 'Wow' she thought, I'm finally doing this and he loves it. She continued to sink him further into her mouth feeling him reach the back of her throat. Her tongue was now massaging the underside of him as she continued to suck on him. Her hands too were busy, gently massaging his swollen balls

She could feel his heart beating as his member throbbed in time with it. Slowly she moved him back out until only his tip was between her lips. Harry felt her tongue snake out and he was suddenly lost to her ministrations as he got closer and closer to his impending release.

Kaitlyn enjoyed making her brother feel the pleasure as he was now feeling. This was her way of showing him how much she loved him. She knew he was close and nothing would satisfy her more than to let him, but she needed him to ask for it. She didn't want him to second guess what was happening or to feel guilty about it. So as she felt him start to tense and grow slightly in her mouth she pull off him.

"So what do you think we should have for lunch" she asked. Harry let out a questioning moan as his eyes snapped open to look at her. She was smiling at him innocently as she look up at him with big green eyes from her kneeling position.



"You're asking me this now" Harry croaked out not believing how close he was.

"Sure, why not" She said as she tilted her head as if she did not understand him

Harry gestures to himself

"Do you want me to continue. I thought you wanted to take things slow". Kaitlyn said giving him a puzzled look while pumping him a few times to keep him close to his climax.

"I did ... I mean do ... I mean ... Come on Kaitlyn Please".

"So you want me to ... umm do what exactly?"

"Keep going ... Please" he begged slightly whimpering.

"I don't quite understand Harry"

"Kaitlyn" He whined.

Grinning widely she said "O alright ... Your no fun. Get ready though. I want you to cum hard for me, because I'm going to swallow it ... all ".

And with that she took him back into her mouth stretching her lips around him. She used every little trick she had leant and he was quickly soaring towards his blissful release. He bucked his hips unconsciously as he reached his earth shattering climax. He had stars in his eyes as he pumped spurt after spurt of steaming hot cum into his sister eager little mouth.

She was shocked at the amount of cum he was squirting into her and she quickly moved to swallow it all so she would not spill any. After about seven large squirts Harry stoped pumping into her mouth, allowing her to recover from the huge load he had unleashed down her throat. It made her fell so naughty to know her own brother had just unloaded strait into her mouth. She savoured the unique taste, swirling it around in her mouth loving every ounce of it.

Carefully she milked the rest of his cum from his cock until he had started to soften. She took her mouth off him and was proud to see that she had not spilled one drop of him. She kneeled motionless as she took in what had happened, she had never had a boy cum that much before and she was slightly overwhelmed by it.

Harry had never felt so good in his whole life, nothing compared to the blissful high he had. He was on cloud nine as he looked down at the source of his pleasure. Kaitlyn looked so tiny as she kneeled below him with a slightly blank look on her flushed face. Slowly Harry came down and he started to get worried about the look on his sisters face.

He dropped down to his knees too, landing between hers and put his hand up to cup her chin. Slowly he lifted it until they were eye to eye. She smiled at him when she saw him move down to her and with a slight spring she pulled him into a fierce hug.

"I love you Harry" she said as tears of joy came to her eyes.

Harry pulled back slightly to rest his forehead against hers and looking deeply into her eyes. "Words cant describe how much I love you Kaitlyn. What you did was incredible ... but I want you to know that I love you for you. Not just because you can make me feel like this" He broke off as Kaitlyn kissed him.

When they pulled apart Harry became aware of just how exposed he was, but he found he did not care. Never again would he ever need to be shy in front of her. After a few moments Harry picked her up and raised them both to their feet, finding his own rather shakily. He smiled at her awkwardly not knowing what to do now.

Kaitlyn giggled at him and grabbing his hand she turned around and dragged him back to her bed room. When they had reached her bed she collapsed onto it and lay on her back her sexy legs hanging over the side.

"Now you said something about lunch" Harry said as he smirked playfully at her.

Kaitlyn groaned and closed her eyes "Maybe for you, but you've filled me up. There's no way I could take even one more drop. Were you trying to drown me Harry?" she said patting her toned stomach. She sighed contently thinking about his warm cum filling her belly. Harry grinned and lay down cuddling into her still completely naked. He put his hand next to hers on her tummy and said "Thank you Kaitlyn".

"No Harry thank you, but can you do me a favour"

"After that Kaitlyn I'd do anything"

"When I'm hungry, can you feed me like that again" she said grinning.

"Sure Kaitlyn id love to" he said smiling stupidly.

"Harry ..."

"What is it Kaitlyn"

"I'm hungry again" she said teasingly

Harry just groaned as they lay in each other's arms never wanting to let go.

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That evening Harry was still buzzing as he ate dinner with his parents. Kaitlyn had sadly refused to come down with him. It had been the best day of his life, after their bathroom fun Harry and Kaitlyn had spent the rest of the day lounging around on her bed. They had happily chatted between snogging and were just content with each other's presence. Harry felt slightly guilty that he had forgot to exercise but promised himself that he would push himself harder tomorrow.

His mum had noticed a change in Harry the moment she had walked through the kitchen door. She had found him cooking dinner as he whistled to the Wizarding wireless.

"You look happy tonight Harry" she asked beaming at him giving him a small hug in greeting.

"I'm just glad to be home. Hogwarts is great and all but sometimes it's just too much. I feel great here, my own room, my own library and I can eat whatever I want. Plus the quiet helps". he said in remembrance to how the original Harry had often felt.

"Yeah I know what you mean. It's nice to spend a bit of time to yourself every now and again. But ... umm ..." she stopped unsure how to continue.

Harry turned around with a slightly questing expression knowing she wanted to ask him something.

"What is it Mum"

"Do you talk to your sister much" she asked looking adhesive

"Of course, we went through my sixth year books today actually" Harry said wondering what she had meant by the question.

"O that's good" she said absently brushing at her robes as she moved to make some tea. They were silent until James and Sirius came bursting through the Floo, shattering the tranquil atmosphere like only they could.

Harry couldn't believe how his life had turned around. But then again he had died in his world, so maybe this was his own personal heaven. Whatever it was he was very appreciative.

CHP10